

# A Penny For Your Thoughts

by dragonlover17

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Summary: Hiccup Haddock thought he knew what his life was; he was ignored, bullied, and treated like an outcast. He couldn't take it any longer. He just wants to end it, to get away from all the hurt and abuse, but two things get in his way. They influence his life, but is it enough to stop him? He feels they only prolonged the inevitable. Modern AU. Don't own. \*\*\*OLD VERSION\*\*\*

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*\_Helloooooooo people of FanFiction! So, I'm having major writer's block with my other stories. And I got the inspiration for this story soâ€ here it is! I have the whole story planned out, only the major points, and I don't have everything written out yet. If you all have any suggestions or would like to see a certain thing happen, as long as it won't mess up my plan I will try my best to fit it in. ;) This chapter is extremely short, but it's only the introduction. The other chapters will be longer. :) Read, review, and enjoy chapter 1 of A Penny for Your Thoughts! Oh, and you'll understand the name later in the story. \_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>This is Berk. It's twelve days north of civilization and a few miles south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery. <em>

\_My city. \_

\_In a word, close. With not many people everyone knows everyone. They laugh together, cry together, and always have someone to talk to.

\_

\_The only exception is me. You see most people have friends or family, I haveâ€ no one. \_

\_Most people would make friends. Not me. I'm different, so they have acceptance issues. \_

\_My name's Hiccup. Great name, I know, but it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off unwanted newcomers, like our charming, cruel demeanor wouldn't do that. \_

\_Onto Stoik the Vast, mayor of the town. They say he's the perfect man for the job. Do I believe it? You'll find out. \_

\_Now, the meathead with a prosthetic hand named Gobber. He's the head of the only school that has ever been in Berk, the only one that ever will be in this small town. \_

Speaking of school, I should probably get to it. Not that anyone will miss me if I don'tâ€¦ You'd think with my father being the Great Stoik the Vast, the mayor of Berk, and all I would be popular. Most kids would. I'm very different from most kids. How? Let me explain.

First off, most kids have two living parents, or have at least met both parents. Not me. My mother died when I was a baby. I know not all kids have both parents, but I'm pretty sure every kid I know has at least one parent who loves them. My father barely even acknowledges I exist. I don't remember ever hearing the words, "I love you." I often wonder if my mother ever said those three words to me. If she did, I have no way of remembering. I suppose I could ask my father, but he would probably just yell at me or hit me.

Secondly, most kids like doing sports or hanging out with their friends during their free time. We are currently covering the latter of those issues, so no extra needs to be added. For the sports issue, I have never been able to play a sport. I am very small and weak and, frankly, I prefer drawing. I'm sure you're thinking that drawing isn't too bad, tons of people do it. Not people from Berk, they think drawing or doing anything else very creative is a sign of weakness. They don't think drawing is a good use of time, and they especially don't think a fifteen-year-old boy should be drawing dragons from children's fairy tales.

Another thing, I'm not loud and straightforward like most Berkians. I'm shy and very sarcastic.

I'm so different from the others here, it's no wonder why most of them pretend I don't exist. Though, there are those select few who do see me when they look. And when they do see me, I usually get to see a very close up look of their fist before I find myself with another bloody nose or black eye. But don't worry, they don't always punch me first thing. They make sure to insult me a few times \_then\_ they punch me. Or kick me. Or shove me into a locker. Or shove me \_in\_ a locker.

So, yeah, that's my life. Pretty great, huh? I keep telling myself that I'm strong, that I can make it one more day. But the truth isâ€¦ I don't know how much longer I can take this.

\*\*\_Hey guys! Thanks for everything after the last chapter, I honestly didn't think the story would get that many follows, favs, ect. I mean, seriously, 16 follows after the first chapter! You guys are the best. Thanks so much! And, um, if you like this story you might like my other HTTYD stories. You could go check them out if you want! :) So, this is the chapter where the story really starts. And it's longer, just like I promised. I hope you all like it! Read, review, and enjoy chapter 2 of A Penny For Your Thoughts! \_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I packed up my schoolbooks in my bag and slowly opened the door of my room. I stuck my head out and, not seeing my father, ran downstairs to the kitchen. I sighed, dropping my bag on a chair while I walked over the hardwood floor to the pantry. I pulled it open and looked through it. I grabbed a box of cereal and put in on the counter. I pulled open a drawer and grabbed a spoon and bowl. I went over to the fridge to get the milk but my gave drifted to the clock next to it.<p>

"Oh, man! I'm going to be late for school!" I complained aloud. The clock read seven forty-nine and school started at exactly eight o'clock. I grabbed my bag and ran out of the house.

I ran all the way to school, throwing the doors open and running to my locker. I stopped at my locker to catch my breath, thankful the school is only a few minutes from my house. I still had a few minutes until my first class, which means everyone was still in the hallways.

I tried to make myself as small as possible as I put my books in my locker. I got done just as the warning bell rang and I thought today I might be able to get to a class without running into bullies. I wish I was that lucky.

"Hey, Useless!" I heard someone yell my 'nick-name' from the other end of the hallway. I grabbed my sketchbook and slammed my locker shut, trying to make a dash for the safety of a teacher's watch in my classroom. I almost put my hand on the handle when someone grabbed the back of my shirt and yanked me around. I came face to face with the most feared bully in my school, Snotlout Jorgenson.

Snotlout is the star of the football team, the popular kid, the boy all the girls want. I don't know why, but they do. He is also the meanest, strongest, most heartless bully in the world. I'm pretty sure he thinks it's his job to make my life miserable. He makes sure to give me a new bruise every chance he gets. He also makes sure that I know I'm useless and no one likes me every time I'm within earshot.

Snotlout was smirking and I could tell he had already planned out what he is going to do to my today. Now I wish I had stayed at my house for just a few more minuets. It's not like I have perfect attendance anyway, one more time being late wouldn't have mattered. Actually, now that I think about it, one more bruise won't matter either. It won't seem out of place. One more bruise will just add to the amassing sea of black and blue I have come to know as my skin.

"So, Useless, what should we do today? I've been feeling smart lately, why don't I try to crush your soul with words today. I'm sure you'd like the change, huh Useless?" Snotlout asked.

"Your concern and devotion really warms my heart." I said dryly.

"Come on." He dragged me into an empty hall and shoved me into the corner just as the bell rang for class to start. Yep, just like I said, I am nowhere near perfect attendance. This is a usual thing for us.

"You know what? Why don't I crush your heart and your bones today!" Snotlout announced, throwing his hands into the air. I cringed, making myself as small as I possibly could in the corner, which isn't very hard for me, seeing as I'm the smallest kid in school. Just another thing Snotlout constantly reminds me of.

"I'm surprised you even come to school every day. I mean, your father probably doesn't tell you to. Actually, he probably doesn't even know your name." Snotlout taunted as he advanced on me. It took all of my self control not to yell back at him or run away, it would just be giving him the satisfaction. I made sure I had all emotions wiped from my face. I've learned how to hold things in over the years.

"The more I think about it, the more I realize how much he doesn't like you, just like everyone else here. Especially your mother." I winced when Snotlout mentioned my mother. He knew from experience that speaking of my mother always touched a nerve. He hadn't mentioned her in so long I thought might be starting to develop feelings like a normal human. I guess I was wrong. Again.

"She must have hated you so much that she left your father to deal with you." Snotlout tyrannized. I felt tears start to form in my eyes and I willed myself not to cry in front of Snotlout. He wasn't usually this bad, I wanted to know what had gotten into him so I could stop it from happening in the future. I felt a single tear run down my cheek and Snotlout smiled. He had gotten his satisfaction, but that doesn't mean he would stop.

"She-" Snotlout started but he was interrupted.

"Snotlout, Hiccup? Are you two in here?" A soft voice asked. Snotlout whipped around and saw Astrid turning into the hall. I've had a crush on Astrid ever since I laid eyes on her but she is the Queen Bee of the school and way out of my league. But, she never has bullied me, which I am grateful for.

"Oh, hey babe, I knew you couldn't stay away." Snotlout said as he put his arm around Astrid. She groaned and pushed his arm off. Needless to say Snotlout has a crush on her too. Her gorgeous blue eyes traveled over to me huddled in the corner with tear-streaked eyes. I turned my head away from her and wiped my eyes with my sleeve.

"I was sent to get you two since you were late to class again." Astrid explained with a hint of annoyance in her voice. I was so thankful she came but at the same time I was embarrassed at her seeing me crying.

"Snotlout, you're supposed to go to the principles office immediately." Astrid continued. He smirked and walked off, blowing Astrid a kiss on his way around the corner. She rolled her eyes and looked at me again.

"You should really try standing up for yourself. Can you not do anything?" Astrid scolded. She walked back to the classroom and I slowly slid up the wall. Astrid had never lashed out on my like that. Surprisingly enough, she was the person who usually was nicest to me. Of course, this was not one of those usual times.

"Thank you." I whispered as I watched her glistening golden hair disappear around the corner. I didn't know if I was being sarcastic or not and I didn't know what I was thanking her for. Another tear dripped down my cheek as I walked to my classroom.

I wiped my eyes with my shirt as I silently opened the door and walked in. I kept my head down and quickly walked to my seat in the back corner of the room, thankful for once no one ever noticed me. I pulled open my sketchbook and I let my hand guide the way as I hid my face from the world. I didn't realize what I was drawing until I finished.

I looked down at my drawing and I saw it had two sides with me in the middle, but the line of the two sides was going through the middle of me. On the right half, I was crying and bleeding, surrounded by everyone and everything that make my life miserable. They were yelling at me as I was holding a gun to my head. On the left half, I was laughing, something I haven't done in years. I surrounded by other laughing people, including my mother. I was in all white clothes in a sort of white sanctuary.

I had killed myself.

Right now, it seems like a pretty good option.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>How'd you all like it? I hope I lived up to your expectations. Well, this chapter kind of shows you how Hiccup feels about his life. Also, I'm making Snotlout a bit OOC on purpose. Hiccup will also be slightly OOC because we know his character never gives up. He's still the same person but that part of him isn't as strong in this story. Please review and tell me what you think! What you liked, what you didn't like, what you all might want to see happen later on, or how I could improve the story. Thanks to all of you amazing readers out there! :)<em>\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\_\*\*Hey amazing readers! I'm sorry about the wait for this. If you all look on my profile page there is a somewhat valid explanation to why this took so long. Long story short, high school soccer practices are intense. Anyway, I had the chapter almost completely written out but then I realized I had jumped ahead on my story plan. It just didn't work. So I rewrote the chapter and yup, here it is! \*\*\_

\_\*\*By the way, I LOVE YOU GUYS! 39 follows in 2 chapters!? And 1,050

views already!? You guys are the best evaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

\*\*\_

\_\*\*WARNING: A lot of depressing and OOC things in this chapter. Be warned. Just keep reading, it gets better! Wow, this is a really long AN. Sorry. \*\*\_

\_\*\*Read, review, and enjoy chapter 3 of A Penny For Your Thoughts! (P.S. review is a really awkward word to type but they are still greatly appreciated! XD)\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>I was sitting in my last class of the day with my head rested on my arms folded on my desk. I tried to pay attention, I really did. But I just couldn't stop thinking about the drawing. After I hadâ€¦ you know, I looked so happy. Happier than I have ever been in my real life. I couldn't help but wonder: is that happiness really an option? Or was it just an imaginary hope from the back of my mind? Either way, it's probably better than my life now.<p>

"Hiccup!" I heard someone yell. I jumped; I was so deep in thought I didn't have the slightest idea what was going on around me. I saw everyone staring at me, as if expecting something, and I felt myself go a deep shade of red. The other kids started laughing, something I'm very used to, and the teacher groaned. She looked at me again with an annoyed face.

"Did you fall asleep again?" She asked, very irritated with me.

"N-No ma'am." I responded.

"Uh huh. Justâ€¦ don't let it happen again." She ordered. She then resumed to addressing the class again as I put my elbows on the desk and rested my head in my hands.

"As I was saying, you will be starting your end-of-semester project soon. I just wanted you all to know, but nothing is being assigned yet-" She was interrupted by the end of school bell going off. The other kids already had their things gathered and sprinted out the door. I slowly grabbed my books and idly went to the door. I was hoping Snotlout wouldn't be waiting for me as I pulled open the door.

I poked my head out and looked down the hallways. Seeing no one threatening, I went out and headed for my locker. I barely had it opened two inches before I heard someone walk up and stop behind me. I winced, knowing what came next.

"Remember what I said earlier today about your devotion warming my heart, Snotlout? Well, I'm pretty sure my heart wouldn't freeze if you were a littleâ€¦ \_less\_ devoted." I said sarcastically.

"What are you talking about?" An raspy voice responded. It was one of Snotlout's crew, Tuffnut. And wherever there is a Tuff, there is a Ruff. Ruffnut, Tuffnut's twin, is always tagging along with him. They aren't as bad as Snotlout but then again, I don't think they're smart enough to be.

"Snotlout sent us to do hisâ€|" Tuffnut started but couldn't help from laughing.

"Duty." Ruffnut finished, through fits of laughter. I rolled my eyes.

"He just got out of Gobber's office and didn't think you were worth it to walk to the other side of the school for so he sent us." Tuffnut explained, feeling proud and important.

"I appreciate it, but I'll have to request for a raincheck." I replied, grabbed my books and quickly making my way out of the school. They were easy to get away from as long as I used big words. Knowing them, they would stand in the same place trying to figure out what the words meant for a few hours. Plenty of time to escape.

\* \* \*

><p>I sat on my sorry excuse for a bed doing my homework, just waiting for my Dad to come yell at me. Speaking or sorry excuses: my life. I don't have anything to live for and I don't have anyone who loves me. At least no one that I know.<p>

I suddenly bolted upright as a thought struck me like a hammer, a single sentence echoing in my mind.

\_"She must have hated you so much that she left your father to deal with you."\_

She leftâ€| I had never thought about it like thatâ€| I had always assumed she died. Of course she died, I told myself as I pushed the thought to the back of my mind as I returned to my homework. I couldn't stop thinking about it, though.

As if on cue, I heard my dad stomp into the house. I hesitated but eventually my curiosity got the best of me. I dropped my homework and ran out of my room. I slowly went downstairs and immediately caught my father's eye.

"C-Can I ask you something?" I asked slowly. He furrowed his brow but nodded nonetheless.

"Didâ€| Er, I mean, someone said something aboutâ€| And I was just wonderingâ€|" I stammered while my hand found it's way to the back of my neck.

"Spit it out." Dad ordered.

"Did Mom leave us?" I blurted out. Dad's gaze hardened and he slowly walked up to me, fire in his eyes. I retreated into myself, backing up to at the wall.

"Why would you say something like that?" He asked softly. I was so surprised he didn't yell that I couldn't find it in me to answer. I couldn't look him in the eye, either.

"Why?" He yelled. I winced, daring to look at him. I saw the same burning anger I am accustomed to, but there wasâ€| something else. Guilt, anger, and sadness.

"Answer me!" He commanded.

"I-" I paused, a lump forming in my throat. Dad pulled his arm back and I closed my eyes, not having the nerve to shield my face with my arms as he brought his arm back to me.

I felt the impact of his hand on my cheek and time seemed to slow down. I fell onto the floor and it was then, too late, when I realized I had asked about a sore subject. I crawled across the floor until I hit another wall, putting my hand on my burning cheek. My dad turned around so his back was facing me.

"Sheâ€ she would still be here if it weren't for you." He said coldly. His words pierced through my heart like a sword.

"I-" I tried again, only to have the lump in my throat grow.

"It's your fault." He paused, as if considering his next words. The hesitation was time enough for tears to begin forming in my eyes.

"I can't handle you right now. You have pushed me over the line, after all of these miserable years-" He started but I interrupted. I couldn't contain myself any longer.

"You think they were miserable for you?! I've had fifteen years of being ignored, bullied, treated like an outcast, hated by my own father and everyone else in this town! You don't deserve to speak of being miserable to me of all people!" I yelled, standing up.

"Then why don't you just leave?!" Dad yelled, turning around. I paused, almost falling to the ground in shock and anguish.

"Maybe I will." I said quietly. Dad turned and stormed out the front door. I heard his car start and drive away.

I stood in place for a moment, thinking hard about my next move. My legs took me to a drawer I had wandered to many times, but in the past I had always turned away. I pulled open the drawer and looked down in it, my tears falling on the metal of my dad's gun. My hand has never been as shaky as it was when I grabbed it. I gripped it tightly in my hand as I ran out the back door and into the woods.

I sprinted until my legs gave out and I landed in a pile of dirt. Tears streamed down my face as I pulled myself up into a rock. I could barely keep my hand from shaking enough to hold the only thing keeping me from getting away from all of this. I made sure the gun was loaded and I held it to my head. I pulled my finger closer to the trigger and I closed my eyes, finally letting myself cry.

"You'll get your wish."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>He he. You might think the story is moving sort of fast but I promise there will be a lot more. ;) Please review, I love to know what you all think. Your reviews always make my day!  
:D<strong>\_



\*\*\_Hey to the most amazing readers out there! Okay, you guys are the best ever! I mean seriously, 64 follows, 36 favorites, and over 2,200 view after only the third chapter?! I love all of you! You guys seriously make me very happy! And, as requested by one of my amazing reviewers, I'm going to start trying to make the chapters longer. But, I make no promises, I'm still going to end the chapter when I see fit to end it. :) Anyway, I really liked writing this chapter. I think it is going to be my favorite in the story, it is defiantly my favorite so far. But thats not saying too much, this being only the fourth chapter and allâ€¦ Okay, I'll stop jabbering. ;) Read, review, and enjoy chapter 4 of A Penny For Your Thoughts! \_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I pulled my finger closer to the trigger and I closed my eyes, finally letting myself cry.<p>

"You'll get your wish." I choked out what I assumed would be my final words. I took one long, shaky breath, hoping it would be my last. I hesitated for a long moment, my finger on the trigger, every hurtful thing anyone has ever said or done echoing through my head.

\_She would still be here if it weren't for you. Can you not do anything? The more I think about it, the more I realize how much he doesn't like you, just like everyone else here. You're useless. You don't deserve to be here. You don't deserve this life. \_

But, even after all of that, do I really want this? I would never be able to undo it, I would never be able to see what my life could have been, I would never get to find out what I could have done, I would never get to see what might become of the world around me, of the people around me, of me.

No, I told myself, the world will never be any different, the people any less cruel.

I opened my tear-streaked eyes and looked around. The world sure is beautiful, even if it is cruel. I'm glad this view will be the last thing I see. I took another deep breath and got ready to pull the trigger. I slowly started pulling my finger into the trigger, knowing I had only seconds left. I closed my eyes and prepared for the impact of the bullet.

I heard a rustling in the bushes and a low growl, but ignored it as I pulled the trigger. I felt something hit my arms hard and I heard the blast of the gun right before it fell out of my hands. I opened my eyes, shocked, and saw a feral dog growling at me.

We stared into each others eyes for a long while, I was confused and shocked, he wasâ€¦ I'm not really sure. I realized he was standing over the gun and I tried to reach for it but he growled louder. He grabbed it in his mouth and ran of into the woods.

"Wait, come back!" I yelled, reaching out my hand in the direction he went.

"What just happened?" I mumbled to myself. The answer: a feral dog just stopped me from killing myself then ran off with the gun. Was this the Gods' way of telling me not to do it? I wondered, just as

the dog ran out and sat down in front of me.

"Um, hi?" I said after a few minutes of staring at it. He wagged his tail when I spoke and tilted his head to the side.

"Where did you put the, uh-" He immediately stopped wagging his tail and growled again.

"Oh, no no no, I'm sorry I won't mention it again." I apologized out of fear. I had no idea what this big black dog was capable of, I wasn't going to take any chances. The dog stopped growling and looked at me again, his big green eyes bearing into my soul, as if he was trying to tell me something.

"I can't help but wonder, why don't you want me to mention it?" I asked, my curiosity getting the best of me. The dog stayed perfectly still for a short moment before standing up and looking at its left leg. Or, where its left leg should be. I had been so caught up in everything that I hadn't noticed the dog was missing its back left leg.

"Oh I'm sorry." The dog wagged its tail again. I sat awkwardly there for a while, wiping the stray tears from my face, calming myself down. The dog stopped wagging its tail and put his front paws on my knees. I froze and tried to back away but the dog leaned in and started licking my face.

"Hey, stop it!" I said, smiling. He saw my smile and wagged his tail again, sitting back down in front of me.

"You're trying to make me happy?" I asked hesitantly. The dog raised his ears so they were pointing straight up and did some awkward thing with its mouth. I think it was supposed to be a smile. But his lips curved over his teeth, hiding them from my view.

"Huh, a toothless smile. You do have teeth, right?" I asked the dog, not recalling seeing them before. He tilted his head then opened his mouth wide, revealing a set of sharp canine teeth.

"You can actually understand me?" The dog 'smiled' again and wagged his tail harder. I couldn't help but smiling; this dog actually seemed to enjoy being around me. I slowly reached out my hand and started scratching under the dog's chin, he seemed to melt into my touch.

"You like that?" I asked, smiling. He wagged his tail and gave my hand a lick.

"I should probably give you a name if we're going to be friends. Great, my first friend is a dog." He gave me a hurt look. "Not that having a dog as a friend is a bad thing, it's just I've never actually had a friend before." I sighed, recalling my past and remembering once more why I came out here in the first place. The dog seemed to be telling me to go on from the look in his eyes.

"That's kinda the reason I came here with the gun in the first place. I'm different from everyone here so they bully me and yell at me and no one accepts me. Earlier, I had a fight with my Dad and he basically told me he wanted me gone. He also said something about my mom, but I'll look into that later. I was sick of everything so I

came out here and I was going toâ€¦ going to end it all. But then you came along and showed me that I'm not completely unlikeable. Even if you're a dogâ€¦ Hold on, I'm talking to a dog! Yet, somehow, it feels like you can understand me so it isn't too weird right?" I rambled on. The dog tilted his head and gave me another lick on the face. I smiled.

"Thanks. Back to giving you a nameâ€¦" He gave his toothless smile and I knew the perfect name from him.

"Toothless. Do you like it?" I asked hopefully. Toothless barked happily and jumped around me.

"I'll take that as a yes." I said happily. Happily. In just a few measly minutes Toothless has made me happier than I can ever remember being in my fifteen years of life.

"Alright Toothless, you're coming home with me." Toothless wagged his tail then suddenly stopped, tilting his head and perking his ears up. He looked at me with those big green eyes and I realized what he meant.

"My Dad told me to leaveâ€¦ I could probably climb in the window to my room but you obviously can't and I have no chance of lifting you up thereâ€¦" I thought hard on how to get Toothless and myself into the house discretely.

"There's a chance he won't be home, he drove away when I came out here. But if he is, then I guess we're sneaking in. I at least have to get my stuff then we might want to leave. Then again, knowing my father, he will probably forget anything happened by the time he gets home." I explained, standing up and making my way to the house, Toothless by my side.

We got to my house and I was relieved to see the driveway empty.

"We're in luck, Toothless. Come on, let's get to my room before he does show up." We ran up to the front door, quietly opened it, slipped in, closed it then ran up to my room, locking the door behind us. I noticed my open sketchbook on my bed so I sat down and grabbed it, turning to a new page with my pencil in hand. Toothless jumped on the bed and laid down beside me.

"Stay still for me, will you?" I asked. Toothless looked up and me then dropped his head onto his paws. We sat in the same place for while, Toothless napping, me drawing. After I had finished, I nudged Toothless and he groggily looked at me, his eyes full of irritation for interrupting his nap.

"Sorry, but I thought you might want to see this." I showed Toothless the drawing and he wagged his tail, then came over and licked my face to thank me.

"Your welcome, bud. I enjoyed it. It's one of the things I love that makes me different from everyone else." I explained. Toothless got this sad look in his eyes and laid down with his head on my lap. I leaned back against the wall, lost in thought.

"You're different too, aren't you?" I asked Toothless, looking to

where his leg should be.

"You know, I can build things pretty well, I might be able to build you a prosthetic leg so you wouldn't be too different." I offered. Toothless perked up and wagged his tail, seemingly exited at the idea.

"You'd like that?" I asked. Toothless barked softly, answering my question.

"Shh, in case my father gets home we don't want him to know we're up here. Okay, let's see what we can do for youâ€¦" The next few hours were spent making plans for Toothless' prosthetic leg, resulting an overflowing trashcan, light only from my lamp and the stars in the sky, a tired dog, his even more tired human, and a perfect blueprint.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>How'd you all like it? I know some of you didn't like all the sadness of the previous chapters so I hope this one kind of evened it out. Please review! Constructive criticism welcome! ;)<strong>\_

## 5. Chapter 5

\_\*\*Hey readers! I love you all so much! Your reviews and all that other fun stuff really makes my day! :) \*\*\_

\_\*\*This chapter is longer than my previous ones. I was originally going to have them as two separate ones but they were too short separate and I know you all have wanted longer chapters so here you go!. ;) Read, review, and enjoy chapter 5 of A Penny For Your Thoughts! \*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>"No, Toothless, you have to stay here!" I ordered, trying to walk out of my bedroom. Toothless whined, still not letting me close my door.<p>

"Ugh, Toothless listen, I have to go to school! I already brought you food, let you out, gave you a bone to chew on, what else do you need?" I asked breathlessly. Toothless lowered his ears and whined more.

"I'll be back right after school so you can help me figure out how to get the supplies. Trust me, I'll be home as soon as I can. I don't want to be there any more than you want me to." I explained. Toothless perked up, probably thinking I might not go. I groaned.

"Look, Bud, I have to go to school so I can graduate then move of to college somewhere else eventually. I want to be able to support myself later in life so no one here will have to deal with me and I won't have to deal with them any longer than needed. Plus, I need to talk to Gobber aboutâ€¦ someâ€¦ thingsâ€¦ Got it?" I asked hopefully. I had to know what my Dad meant yesterday when he said that Mom would still be here if it weren't for me and Gobber has always been the

closest person to my Dad. Toothless hesitated for a moment then reluctantly jumped on my bed and curled up.

"Thank you, Bud. I'm going to lock my door incase Dad ever shows up." I told Toothless then locked my door. I ran down the steps and out the front door, pausing to look at the empty driveway.

"Where could he have gone?" I asked myself, receiving no answer.

Sighing, I set off for school. The one place I despise the most. It's bursting at the seams with people whose life is dedicated to making mine miserable. Little do they know they succeeded, more than they had hoped, until I met Toothless. He showed me that I can be cared about and that means more to me than I can ever express.

So what if he's a dog? He's the only one who has ever cared enough to listen to what I have to say. Probably because he isn't too different from me. I mean, why else would a dog be wandering through the woods other than because no one wanted him? He could have ran away, but he wouldn't want to run away unless he was being mistreated.

Speaking of running away, that's the only thing I wanted to do when I saw Snotlout and Tuffnut waiting by the front doors of the school. I prayed they hadn't seen me as I ducked my head and quickly changed course for one of the side doors.

My first mistake was looking at my feet instead of where I was going. I swear I'm the unluckiest guy on the planet. I walked straight into Astrid, dropping all of my books and causing her to fall into Ruffnut, who also fell over.

"Hey!" Ruffnut yelled at me after Fishlegs helped her back up. I've never understood why they let Fishlegs hang out with them, he's more like me than his is like them.

"Watch where you're going!" Astrid scolded me, standing up and brushing herself off.

"I-I'm sorry, I wasn't looking where I was going and I was thinking and I just-" I stammered out, my hand finding its way to the back of my neck. I always get so nervous when I'm around Astrid.

"Justâ€| stop!" Astrid interrupted, holding up her hand to signal for me to be quiet. She then turned to Ruffnut while I started picking up my things.

"Come on, let's go." Ruffnut nodded and started to walk away as I stood up with a very red face. From behind, Ruffnut swung her legs at mine, knocking them out from under me and causing me to fall back. I let out a grunt of pain as my head hit the hard concrete sidewalk. I heard laughter from all around and my head felt hazy as I tried to sit up.

"Aw, come on sis, let us have some of the fun!" Tuffnut complained from somewhere off to my right. I blinked over and over again, finally getting my vision to come into focus. I quickly gathered my books again and stood up, turning around to see Snotlout coming toward me with a very angered look on his face.

"Hey, Useless, why don't you try looking where you're going next time, instead of running into my babe!" Snotlout yelled. I noticed Astrid gaging when he called her his 'babe.'

"I'm sorry, I honestly didn't mean to." I apologized to Snotlout, backing away from him.

"Oh, sure." Snotlout rolled his eyes and continued to advance on me, Tuffnut close behind.

"Look, I would love to stay here and be victim toâ€¦ whatever it is you guys do, but I have some things I need to, uh, take care ofâ€¦ so, ya, s-see you later, or not." I said with a wave then ran off into the school, surprised that Snotlout actually let me get away for once.

I headed straight for Gobber's office, my Dad's words ringing in my head.

\_She would still be here if it weren't for you. \_

What did he mean? Hopefully I am about to find out. I hesitated before putting my hand on the door handle of Gobber's office. I took a deep breath and pushed the door open. I carefully closed it behind me, turning around to face Gobber.

"Hey, Gobber." I said. He looked up and smiled upon seeing me. I returned his smile with a small one of my own. He is surely the only person that smiles when they see me.

"Wha' can I do fer ya, 'iccup?" Gobber asked with his thick accent, gesturing for me to sit down in the chair in front of his desk. I stayed standing.

"I-I was just wonderingâ€¦ did myâ€¦ uh, you're good friends with my Dad, right?" I stuttered. Gobber gave me a confused look and nodded slowly.

"Uh, wh-when did you become close to him?" I asked.

"Long before ye were born, laddie." Gobber replied cheerily.

"So he would tell you someâ€¦ personal things, right?" I made my way over to the chair, placing my hand on the arm rest.

"Wha' is this about? Why can't ye just ask 'im about it?" Gobber asked skeptically.

"You know how my Dad feels about me: a walking, talking fishbone of disappointment. I just-" I ranted, Gobber is the only one I can trust. Well, beside Toothless.

"Now 'iccup, it's not so much what you look like, it's what's \_inside\_ that he can't stand." Gobber clarified.

"That's not the point." I said dryly.

"Wha' is the poin' then?" Gobber asked.

"Iâ€¦ I want to know about my mother." I blurted out as quickly and quietly

as possible.

"Wha' was tha'?" Gobber asked, clearly not understanding what I had said.

"I want to know about my mother." I repeated with more confidence. Gobber's eyes widened and he froze. I waited for a moment then dared to break the silence.

"Gobber, whatever you have to tell me I can handle." I assured him. Gobber opened his mouth slowly then closed it again, hesitating before he finally spoke.

"No, ya can't." Gobber replied solemnly. I stared at Gobber, fear, curiosity, anxiety, and anger building up inside of me.

"Don't ya 'ave a class to get to?" Gobber asked harshly, standing up and ushering me out of his office. He put his hand on the door and paused.

"Don't ask abou' it again. For yer own good, forge' anything ever happened." Gobber ordered then pushed me out his door. I stumbled on my feet then heard the door slam behind me. I turned around and stared at the door.

"What are you hiding?" I mumbled to myself, directing the question toward not only Gobber but my father, too.

"Useless!" Looks like I've got bigger problems to worry about.

\* \* \*

><p>I walked into my house after a long day at school. I was holding a hand to my head, it hurt from being slammed on a locker multiple times. I grabbed a bag of frozen peas from the freezer and put it on my head, the cold soothing the sore spot. I was about to go upstairs to my room, I could hear Toothless scratching on the door, when I saw a calendar. There were a few days circled for this month and I realized where my father was.<p>

"Another week-long meeting. At least he won't be here." I muttered, sighing. I trudged up the stairs and unlocked and opened the door to my room. I saw a black blur and the next thing I knew I was on the floor and my face was getting smothered by something pink and wet.

"Toothless, stop! Bud, come on!" I smiled while trying to push the big dog off of me. He nudged me head and it hit the floor, on the exact same spot it was hurt.

"Ow!" Toothless immediately jumped off me and I grasped the back of my head. Toothless bowed his head in shame and looked at me apologetically.

"It's not your fault, Toothless. It just hurts from repeatedly getting slammed onto a locker." I explained, grabbed the bag of frozen peas and putting it on my head. Toothless tilted his head to the side and sniffed the peas.

"Since they're so cold it helps with the pain and reduces the

swelling." I told Toothless. He perked his ears up, stuck his tongue out, and wagged his tail. I smiled, he can be pretty cute.

"Alright, Bud, let's get working on your new leg." I said cheerfully, Toothless barking in delight. I put down the bag of peas and pulled out my sketch book, opening to the page with the blueprint.

"I have these, but I need to figure out how to get those." I said, pointing to different parts for Toothless to see. He wagged his tail at the sight of the finished prosthetic.

"I've got it! I don't know why I didn't think of it before." Toothless looked curiously at me.

"I can get the supplies from Gobber. He always has strange things lying around and he always lets me have them for my inventions." I explained. I grabbed a stray piece of paper and wrote a list of the items I needed.

"Come on, Bud, we're going to Gobber's." Toothless bolted up and jumped around, excited at the idea of going out. I smiled and led the way out of the house. On the way to Gobber's house, which was only a little ways down the road, Toothless tried to chase everything, including butterflies. I really need to think about getting him a leash for the next time I take him with me somewhere. We finally made it to Gobber's and I saw his car in the driveway. I went up to the door and knocked. I heard what sounded like crashing then Gobber threw open the door.

"'iccup, I though' I told ya not to-"

"It's not about that." I assured him. I pulled out the list and gave it to him. He looked it over then looked back at me with a eyebrow raised.

"Do you have the stuff?" I asked hopefully.

"I 'ave 'em but why do ya need 'em?" Gobber asked.

"I'm building something." I vaguely explained.

"A new invention, eh?" Gobber asked, smiling. He always finds my inventions interesting and, contrary to the common belief, useful.

"Uhâ€¦ something like that." I replied, glancing at Toothless rolling in Gobber's front yard. Gobber nodded and went into another room to grab the supplies. I looked at Toothless again, surprised Gobber didn't notice him. Gobber came back a moment later and shoved the supplies in my arms.

"Thanks Gobber." I said, running down the steps.

"Come on, Toothless, let's get this thing built!" I exclaimed, Toothless barking happily.

We ran back to my house as I realized what quite possibly was the most important thing of my life; Toothless is the thing that is making me happy.



Toothless is the one keeping me alive.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Okay, I have to rant. I would have had this chapter up three days sooner but this stupid wifi at this stupid hotel place wouldn't let me connect to FanFiction! URG! Thankfully I went to some family's house in the area and used their wifi. I was so mad when I couldn't connect to FanFiction. Okay, I'm done now. Just had to get that out. ;D<strong>\_

\_\*\*Thanks again for reading and supporting this story! You all are the best and I would love to know what you all thought. :)\*\*\_

\_\*\*Oh, and if you guys are looking for a good story to read you should go check out \*\*\_\_\*\*Hell Hath No Fury\*\*\_\_\*\* by SapphiresAndPineapples. I'm the beta reader for the story and I love it, you all will too! Go check it out! :) :D ;D ;) :0 Emoji's are fun. XD\*\*\_

## 6. Chapter 6

\_\*\*Okay, so I just want to let you all know that the story is nowhere near being over Not even close. Also, the story is going way off-course to my original plan, soâ€¦ But I like this way better. ;) This chapter isn't as long as the last one, but I thought I had found a pretty good place to end it. ;)\*\*\_

\_\*\*By the way, thank you all SOOOOOOOO much for everything! \*\*\_

\_\*\*Read, review, and enjoy chapter 6 of A Penny For Your Thoughts! \*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless' prosthetic took eight days to completely finish, five days to figure out the right size, shape, and to research various ways to build animal prosthetics, and three days to build. In those eight days, there were numerous setbacks: a sprained right wrist, thankfully not the dominant one, courtesy of Snotlout, the lack of correct supplies, which was easily fixed, loads of end-of-semester homework, a particularly difficult, currently unfinished science project, and many more not worth mentioning. Yet, after eight days, we finished it.<p>

"What do you say, Bud, want to try it out?" I asked enthusiastically. Toothless wagged his tail and jumped around the room.

"I'll take that as a yes." I said, smiling. Toothless bounded over to me and I strapped it on him, then stood back. He sniffed it then tried to take a single step. I heard the faint clanking of the prosthetic moving then the soft thump of it hitting the wooden floor of my room.

"Yes! It worked!" I jumped up and down, thrusting my fists in the air. Toothless walked a few more steps then tried to jump. After one successful try, he bounded over to me, still awkwardly, and knocked me over, on a mission to lick my face.

"Toothless, stop, come on, Bud, Toothless please!" I choked out through laughter. Wait, laughter!

"Toothless!" I suddenly exclaimed. A very confused Toothless jumped off of my and sat down, he obviously thought he had hurt me.

"No, Bud, I'm fine butâ€¦ I haven't laughed in years andâ€¦" I smile crept up on my face as I chuckled again, hugging Toothless. He wagged his tail and we stayed in the same position for a long while, before I remembered that I actually have real life things to worry about. I sighed, my science project coming to mind.

"Sorry, but I've got to work on that. My teacher said that if we all turn it in on time we get some special treat." I explained. Toothless gave me a look that clearly told me that he thought he was more important than some project for a school full of people who hate me.

"I know, but I've got to do it." I replied glumly. I stood up and went over to my desk where my unfinished project sat. Toothless had a little trouble standing up with his new leg but eventually made his way over to laying beneath my feet while I worked.

\* \* \*

><p>"Well, it looks like everyone has turned their projects in on time, somehow, so I will let you all have the treat. Tomorrow, we are going on a two day field trip to the big science museum three hours away!"<p>

My head shot up from my sketch of a dragon. Two daysâ€¦ at the best science museum in the country? This was like a dream come true. Science was by far my favorite subject in school and I've always wanted to go to that museum. I never thought I would be able to go with no one willing to take me, but it never crossed my mind that I would be able to go on a field trip!

The teacher passed out a paper containing various guidelines and requirements to all of us.

"This will have to be signed by your parent or guardian, allowing you to go on the trip, and you will have to bring it back tomorrow morning along with the amount of money and the supplies listed." She explained.

My heart skipped a beat; I realized what exactly an overnight trip in a different city meant for me. One: I would have to leave Toothless alone. Two: I had to get a signature from my father. Hopefully I could explain he was away on businessâ€¦ but he was supposed to be coming back today.

My heart dropped into my stomach and I went on a completely different train of thought. My father was coming home today. Last I saw him he told me to leaveâ€¦ He probably won't take too kindly to finding his very not-gone son and a unauthorized dog in his house when he returns.

In the past I have asked him for a pet and he has said that pets are too much work and I didn't deserve anything. Plus, his father died

from being bitten by a dog with rabies. When he finds out about Toothlessâ€|

\_Ring! \_

I jumped at the sound of the bell, I was so deep in thought I hadn't realized school was so close to ending. I slowly pack up my things, my thoughts threatening to make my head explode with anxiety. I had to get home as soon as possible and get Toothless out of the house before my father gets there. If I lost Toothless.. I don't know what I would do. Now that I think about it, I would probably end up back in the same place I met himâ€| but the outcome would be very different.

I walked out of my classroom and made a beeline for my locker, grabbing my things and showing them in my bag, then nearly running out of the school. I was so preoccupied in getting out of the school and then out of the house I didn't take in my surrounding. I was going down the steps when someone stuck their leg in front of of me, causing me to trip and fall down the remaining stairs.

"Watch it, Useless! People are trying to walk here." Snotlout yelled at me. I tried to stand but Snotlout pushed me over again.

"Snotlout, I really don't have time for this today, I-"

"I don't care what you want, or don't want. If I did, where would we be?" Snotlout asked rhetorically.

"I would be doing important things I need to be doing and you would be bullying some other innocent kid." I answered. Snotlout raised his fist but I ran away.

"Useless, are you really that much of a wimp?" Snotlout taunted as I ran towards my house. I ignored him, knowing every minute spent here was one wasted getting Toothless safely away from my father. I ran all the way to my house, when I arrived I immediately looked to the driveway. An immense weight was lifted off my shoulders when I saw my father wasn't homeâ€| yet. I burst through the door and sprinted up to my room. Toothless wagged his tail upon seeing me but I didn't pay him much attention. I grabbed the things I would need and stuffed them in my bag.

"Toothless, we've gotta go. Right now." I ordered hastily. He tilted his head and stopped wagging his tail.

"We don't have much time, Bud. We're going to stay at Gobber's, hopefully he'll let us. If not, we're taking a camping trip, we just can't stay here." I explained. Toothless sensed my urgency and stood up, following me out the door and down the stairs. He had trouble getting down the stairs with his new leg and I waited at the bottom, encouraging him and taking nervous glances at the door from time to time. Toothless finally made it down the stairs and I thought we were in the clear when The front door burst open.

My father came through the door and I froze, Toothless standing next to me. My father glared down at us and I held my breath, waiting for him to make the first move. I realized he was waiting for the same reason so I took to the risk of speaking first.

"Dad, I can explain. You see, I-"

"What is that \_beast\_ doing here?" He hissed.

"I, w-well, he kind ofâ€¦ after y-you-"

"I want it gone." Dad commanded.

"W-What?" I asked weakly.

"You heard me! I want it gone, then I will deal with you!" He yelled. I took a deep breath and stood as straight as I could.

"No." I said confidently.

"What did you say to me?" My father leaned in on me and Toothless growled slightly.

"No. I'm not getting rid of him." I replied, my voice strong. I could tell my Dad wanted to hit me but Toothless had taken a protective stance in front of me. Dad suddenly grabbed Toothless by the back fur on the back of his neck, so Toothless was unable to bite him, and started dragging him towards the back door.

"Dad, stop, what are you doing?!" I yelled at him, grabbing at his arm in futile attempts to get Toothless out of his grasp.

"You know what these beasts have done to me!" Dad yelled as he opened the back door and threw Toothless out of the house. He slammed the door shut and locked it, all the while shoving me away from the door.

"You can't to this!" I yelled.

"Oh yes I can!" Dad yelled I bolted for the door but Dad swung his arm at me, hitting my chest and knocking me back against a wall. The blow knocked the breath out of me and I was gasping as Dad came up to me.

"That beast will not enter this house ever again." He commanded.

"Then let me leave with him." I offered weakly, regaining my breath.

"You will stay here and I will deal with-"

"Dad, please, don't hurt Toothless! You can do whatever you want with me, just leave him alone!" I yelled. Dad was taken aback by my outburst and I could tell he was considering something. He looked into my eyes and I was a hint of depression among and sea of hatred. In the silence I heard only our heavy breathing and Toothless trying to force his way into the house.

"I don't want to ever see that beast again. I would love to kill it, avenge my father, but I will let it live as long as I never see it again." He commanded. I felt tears well up in my eyes as I watched my father walk away.

"By the end of the hour I want it gone!" He ordered then stormed to his room.

I stayed still on the floor, realization hitting me. I could think of only two ways this could end, neither of which ending in Toothless and I together.

## 7. Chapter 7

\*\*\_Guys, I am incredibly, tremendously, extremely, \*insert other big, powerful words XD\* sorry for not updating in forever! I don't even want to know how long it's been. See, school started and I'm on the soccer team and then my computer broke (it's fixed now), so I haven't really had much time to update. SORRY! A longish chapter should sort of make up for it. :) But, sadly, I probably won't be able to update any faster for a while. Plus, I'm going to update Watchful next sooooâ€¦|. \_\*\*

\*\*\_Read, review, and enjoy chapter 7 of A Penny For Your Thoughts!  
\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I want to run away. I want to run away from this horrid place. I want to run so far that I'll never have to think about any of my problems again.<p>

I want to be with Toothless. I want to be with Toothless because he's the only friend I've ever had. I want to be with Toothless so often that I never leave his side and he never leaves mine because he is my \_best\_ friend.

I want to know people who accept me. I want to know people who accept me and my companion, me and my strangeness, me and my uselessness. I want to know people who will accept me and will love me when I'm at my worst, comfort me when I'm broken, laugh with me when I'm at my best, and build me up when I'm venerable.

I want a true father. I want a true father who doesn't abuse me, who would never throw out my best and only friend, who will love me for who I am no matter how different or clumsy or wrong or useless I am. I want a true father that will love me the way a father should love a son.

But I know none of my fantasies will happen. I'm not that lucky.

I can't run away, I could try but I know I wouldn't make it. I can't be with Toothless, no matter how hard I try I can't think of any solution resulting in us together that wouldn't end in his untimelyâ€¦ demise. I will never be with people who accept me, I know it isn't possible for someone to accept me. I will never have a true father, I know no one could ever love me.

I didn't move for Thor knows how long, thinking, scheming, trying with all of my might to think of a way out of this. I couldn't tell anyone, though. My father is the mayor, the lifeline of this insubstantial little city. If he was taken away everything would fall apart, and as much as I hate Berk I don't want that for them.

My Dad came out of his room and stared at me, unmoving.

"I told youâ€¦ I wanted it gone." He hissed.

"I- Dad, please, you can't do this to us!" I cried.

"I can and I will. If you don't get rid of it soon I'll do it myself." Dad's expression hardened and I knew he wouldn't hesitate to carry out the threat. I deciding to stand up and face him like the man he wanted me to be. I winced when I first moved, still sore from him hitting me. I pushed myself off the wall and looked into his eyes.

"Why can't I just leave with him?! You said yourself you wanted me gone!" I yelled. I stared into his eyes and saw something I didn't expect. I was prepared for him to tell me to go, to get out of his life for good. I was expecting to see his hard expression showing he didn't feel any sympathy for me and wouldn't be concerned if I went out alone in the world. I expected to see that I could rot away for all he cared.

I didn't expect to see guilt. I didn't expect to feel the air of depression. Nothing could have prepared me for what he said next.

"I know what I said, and I'mâ€¦ I'm s- I shouldn't have. I don't want you gone, you're the only thing I have left of your mother." He turned his head away. I opened my mouth but slowly closed it again. Did he justâ€¦ apologize to me?

"Iâ€¦ what happened to her?" I dared to ask. I mentally slapped myself as soon as it slipped out of my mouth. Dad's gaze hardened and I knew I had blown my luck. He looked back at me and I took a step towards the back door, glancing at the still barking Toothless.

"I-" I started to apologize but Dad interrupted.

"Go to your room, I'll deal with-"

"Dad, no! I'm not going to let you do this. I'll do anything you want me to, just let me have Toothless! I can prove to you he won't hurt anyone! Just let me show you." I held out my hands to signify I had nothing to hide, one toward him, one toward Toothless.

I stole a glance at Toothless then looked my father straight in his eyes. I flinched slightly when he raised his hand up, and must have seen it because he slowly lowered it back down. He was considering it, I knew.

\_Please, please, please, pleaseâ€¦ \_

My Dad walked over to the back door and I felt my heart jump a thousand miles in my chest. He was going to let Toothless stay! I heard a faint click and I looked back at the door. He had only locked it.

"I said go to your room." He repeated in monotone, his back to me.

"Dad-"

"NOW!" He whipped around with his hand held high, ready to strike. I had no choice; I bolted. I ran up to my room and slammed the door, locking it behind me. I pulled my bag off my back and went straight for my window, dropping the bag next to it.

Right below my window was the back yard, I could jump out and Toothless and I could make a run for it. I unlocked the window and yanked it open, I threw my bag down and stuck my head out. I saw Toothless walking over to the bag and sniffing it. I was so relieved my Dad wasn't in the yard, I still had a chance.

"Toothless, watch out!" Toothless looked up at me and wagged his tail, stepping back from the bag. I pulled my head back in and threw my legs out, I sat myself on the banister and looked down. I took a deep breath and jumped. I felt the amazing sensation of falling and I forced myself to keep my mouth closed.

My joy was cut short, however, when I landed with a thud on my bag. I let out a grunt and slowly moved to stand up. I had little pain, but it was enough to stall my motions. Toothless jumped over to me and began licking my face.

"I'm okay, thanks Bud." I said with a hint of depression in my voice, not that I was unaccustomed to it. Toothless sensed this and glanced at the house then whined, putting his nose under my hand. I smiled a sad smile when he looked up at me with those big, green, understanding eyes.

"Don't worry, we'll come back when he realizes how great you are. If he wants me, he gets you." I explained, petting Toothless' head and giving him a forced smile. He was obviously not fooled; he licked my hand then nuzzled his head into it. I smiled genuinely and hugged him tight.

"We can make it, Bud. You and me." I looked him in the eye and held a determined look on my face. Toothless is the rope holding me to the world and I'm not about to let anybody cut it.

"Let's go, hopefully we can still go to Gobber's." I stood up threw my bag over my shoulder. I nudged him in the right direction and we were off, Toothless only having a little trouble with his prosthetic. As we ran out of the yard, I stole a glance through the glass door leading into the living room. I saw my father coming toward the door with a blank expression on his face. He didn't see me, but I saw him.

A small part of me wanted to stop running. A small part of me wanted to run through the door and jump into his arms. A part of me still believed my father could accept me, care for me, even take pride in me. When I was younger that was all I wanted. I worked so hard to prove myself to him that I never thought about what would happen if I didn't. Back then, I never could have imagined that I would run away from my chances. But now, I couldn't imagine doing anything else.

I tore my eyes away from the house and forced the painful thoughts out of my head. I had to focus on getting away from the house to a place where both Toothless and I can be safe.

Toothless and I ran to Gobber's quickly and uneventfully. Of course there was the lingering thought that forced depression onto my mind,

but I pushed everything away when we arrived at Gobber's front door. I hesitated but eventually knocked lightly on his door. I felt my hand wander to Toothless's head as I stroked it. I heard Gobber blundering around to get to the door, then it finally flew open.

"'ey Laddie, wha' do ya-" He paused, his eyes traveling from the look on my face to the packed bag on my back. Then he saw Toothless.

"An' who might this be?" He asked slowly, he was probably thinking about my Dad's problem with animals.

"Toothless. But, Gobber? I-Is is okay for us to stay here for a while?" I asked weakly. Gobber raised an eyebrow.

"Does yer father know yer here?" He asked. My hand found its way to the back of my neck as he answered.

"Wellâ€¦ no, he doesn't." I looked down at the ground for a moment, but when an awkward silence raised I brought my gaze back up to meet his.

"Aah, come on in, Lad." Gobbersaid sympathetically. He slapped a hand on the back of my shoulder and led me inside. He closed the door behind Toothless, eyeing him warily. He led me to the stairs and pointed upstairs.

"Ya know where ta go." He said. I nodded then went up the stairs to his guest room. I closed the door behind me and sat down on the bed with a sigh. Toothless jumped up and curled around me, his head in my lap.

"I guess I should start on my homework then." I said. Then I realized with a jolt the field trip was tomorrow. A small amount of excitement and joy crept its way into my sorrow-fileld soul. I opened my bag and yanked the paper out, my eyes falling on the line where I was supposed to have a parent sign. I glanced at Toothless, thought of Gobber, then decided on forging my Dad's signature once again. I always felt bad when I forged his signature, but I really have no other options. It's not like I can just go up and ask him to sign something, it's not like I can ever talk to him without the conversation ending in a new bruise or a new tear.

## 8. Chapter 8

\*\*\_So, this chapter, it's my favorite that I've written so far so I hope you all like it. ;D It's kind of slow at the beginning and there's one part that may or may not be completely realistic, I don't really know, but let's pretend, ok? ;) I have some important questions in the bottom AN so make sure to check it out. Oh, and I also added in something that has to do with my other story, so if any of you that read both it then there may be a shoutout in store. ;) Two last things: one, If you don't remember that two sided drawing from one of the earlier chapters you should probably go back and look at it. And two, I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT AT THE BOTTOM! Please make sure to read it. Please. I will love you all forever if you actually do. ;D\_\*\*

\* \* \*



><p>"Hand in your permission forms then head to the buses." The teacher instructed. The class bolted up and shoved each other out of the way; they wanted the very best seats on the bus, a concept I've never understood. Every seat on the bus is the exact same, they were built to be the same, they will forever be the same. I guess I wouldn't really know though, I always get pushed to the back of the buses. And when I say pushed I mean pushed.<p>

I waited until there were only a few people left in the room before getting up myself. I handed in my permission form to the teacher, she thankfully accepted it. I was about to leave the room when she grabbed my arm and pulled me back.

"Try not to cause any trouble." She used an accusatory tone when she spoke, her eyes bearing into my soul.

"Come on, when have I ever caused trouble?" I asked, smirking. Her expression hardened and I wiped the smile off my face, nodding and silently heading to the bus, the teacher nearly walking on top of me. When the bus came into view I could clearly see Snotlout and his gang pointing and laughing; apparently being walked to the bus by the teacher doesn't exactly help one's social status, not that I had one to begin with. I kept my head down as I walked briskly to my usual spot on the back seat of the bus. I thought that by looking at the ground while I was walking would help me spot feet in the aisle, ready to be tripped on, but I somehow managed to miss Snotlout's foot. I ended up face planting on the hard, dirty but floor.

"Gosh, Useless, watch where you're going." Snotlout teased. Something sparked in me. I didn't know what the feeling was, it was something I was unaccustomed to, but it felt good. I didn't know what had caused it, but I didn't want it to change.

"I was trying, but I guess I'm as blind as I am useless." I mocked standing up and shrugging my shoulders. Snotlout looked baffled, I had never disregarded his tormenting like that. In fact everyone within earshot was surprised, I even saw Astrid staring, which caused me to blush.

"Wellâ€¦ even the teacher thinks you're useless, she won't even let you walk to the bus by yourself." Snotlout retorted, his face going red from thinking too hard.

"You're right. Guess I'll have to do something about that." I suggested. Snotlout, along with the others, was speechless. His expression of shock suddenly changed to anger and I knew what would come next. I rushed to the back of the bus before he had a chance to react.

"Everybody take your seats!" The authoritative voice of the teacher yelled over the buzz of the students. I was extremely thankful the watchful eyes of the teacher would prevent Snotlout and the gang from coming back and, as he would say, teaching me a lesson. I slumped in my seat and a wave of excitement hit me. I stared out the window and imagined the museum in all of its glory. I was having such amazing, science filled visions for Thor knows how long before I was jerked back into reality from the abrupt stopping of the bus.

"Everyone off! Gather in front of the main doors to meet the tour

guide." She ordered. My classmates rushed off the bus rambunctiously, whereas I slowly stood and calmly followed a ways behind the last person. When we arrived at the main doors the tour guide, Helga, according to her name tag, was waiting for us. She started explaining rules or something, but I tuned her and peered over heads to look through the windows. From what I could see, I was going to love it.

"Come on, now, let's go inside." Helga opened a glass door and led us in, through the welcoming room, and into an extremely disappointing hallway; only three doors lined the empty, beige walls.

"Through each of these doors and offices, or experimental rooms. Even though this is a museum we still have research opportunities." Helga explained in a peppy tone. She led us to the end of the hallway and through a different door, revealing a big, open room full of exhibits. My eyes widened with eagerness and awe.

"You are welcome to browse this room and any connected to it for the next two hours, then meet back here for the next activity." Helga instructed, waving us off. Everyone went off exploring with their friends, some truly interested, some just sulking around: three guesses who. I headed for the back of the room and stopped at every showcase on my way. They were very interesting, but nothing really caught my attention as worth-while. I sighed; this trip wasn't turning out to be the interesting event I had hoped it would be.

I finally made it to the back of the room and there were two rounded openings leading into two separate rooms filled to the brim with more displays. I was about to go into one when I heard some commotion behind me, I turned around andâ€" surprise, surpriseâ€" Ruffnut and Tuffnut were getting scolded for not being respectful to the exhibits.

"It's all just dumb, smart-person stuff, nothing important, so why can't we throw this expensive looking shiny thing around?" Tuffnut asked a worker in all sincerity. The worker looked as if Tuffnut had insulted him instead of the showpiece. I quickly slipped into the other room before I fell victim to the sound of their pointless arguing; Tuffnut will never become the slightest bit mature. I walked through the room and again found myself wishing for something more exciting.

"Useless!" Snotlout growled. My wish might yet be granted, just not in the way I would've hoped. I gulped, turning around to face Snotlout. I held my ground in the opening between the two rooms with Snotlout rapidly advancing.

"Snotlout, just the excitement I was looking for." I mumbled sarcastically, inwardly scolding myself for responding to Snotlout's little nickname yet again.

"I'm glad you have your school stuff, 'cause I'm going to give you a lesson in hand to face combat: ky hand to your face." Snotlout threatened, pounding his fist against his palm.

"Snotlout, wait! I-If you do it here then everyone will see you. You can't have witnesses, right?" \_Please say I'm right, please say I'm right, please say I'm rightâ€"|\_ I echoed to myself.

"You're right." Snotlout agreed. I let out a relieved sigh.

"I'll just do it in there." He gestured to the room I had just come out of. I saw the outline of someone coming toward us from behind me with my peripheral vision. I tried to look at who it was but before I could Snotlout pushed me as hard as he could, causing me to fall back into a glass encasing. The pedestal fell and the glass slid off, shattering into thousands of tiny pieces. A loud siren sounded over the speakers and red lights started flashing. Thick barriers came down in the doorways, Snotlout looked frightened and backed up into the main room. I frantically stood up and rushed to the doorway, hoping to slide under, but the door slammed against the floor just as I reached it and I knew it was the only way out.

I hit my fist against the door then let my arm slide down and fall to my side. I turned around and my eyes widened when I saw, of all people, Astrid standing before me. By the looks of it, she was just as shocked as I was. My eyes fluttered to the floor, the ceiling, anywhere they could beside Astrid. I eventually realized how stupid I must look and forced myself to speak. Her azure eyes and golden hair wasn't going to make this easy for me.

"Soâ€¦ I guess we're stuck in here until, you know, they get us out." I commented while absentmindedly rubbing the back of my neck. Astrid rolled her eyes and rested her hands on her hips. She looked around, her eyes eventually landing on what I thought was just a bland piece of flooring. I followed her gaze and my heart rate immediately quickened.

"Is that yours?" Astrid asked, pointing to my sketchbook.

"Ya, it must've fallen out of my bag, I'll just-" I reached down to grab it but Astrid beat me to it. She picked it up, probably trying to get on my nerves, and spun it around in her hands.

"What is it?" Astrid asked, eyeing the book curiously. \_It's only the second most important thing I have, I've only poured everything inside me into its pages. It's only the one thing that holds my deepest and darkest secrets. \_

"Oh, it's nothing importantâ€¦" I answered sheepishly.

"So you wouldn't mind if I looked in it?" Astrid smirked.

"No! I-I mean, can I just have it back now please?" I pleaded, throwing out my hands in effort to stop her and gesturing for my book.

"If it's nothing important then why can't I look at it" Astrid interrogated, a mischievous glare in her eyes. I sighed and dropped my hands to my side.

"You're making this a lot more difficult then it should be." I complained.

"I'm going to open it whether you want me to or not." Astrid concluded, I groaned. My mind was screaming for me to do anything I could to stop her, but there was nothing left to do. It was too late, Astrid made to open the book. She flipped to the first page and gasped. She scanned the pages slowly, examining each drawing closely.

I winced with every turn of a page. The further back into the book she went the more nervous I got. The last thing I drew will reveal everything I've been trying to hide.

"Can I have-" I started but Astrid interrupted, still slowly moving to the page of my doom.

"Hiccupâ€¦ you have real talent." Astrid admitted. \_Three pages to go\_. "You've been hiding this from everybodyâ€¦"

"You have no idea." I muttered. \_Two pagesâ€¦\_. Only one page left.\_

"Why?" Astrid turned the page and unknowingly pushed away the last barrier guarding my secrets. She froze, examining the two-sided drawing. She ran her finger over the side with me holding a gun to my head. She turned around cautiously, eyes glued to the page, then brought her gaze up to meet mine.

"Hiccupâ€¦" She attempted, but I tore my eyes away, shifting my feet and gently rubbing the back of my neck.

"Uh, it's not what it looks like." I lied in monotone. Astrid saw right through it.

"No, I think it's exactly what it looks like." Astrid realized. She locked her gaze on me and I knew she wasn't going to look away until vibrant blue met forest green. I raised my eyes to meet hers they bore into my soul. I desperately wanted to look away but I refused to seem weak in front of Astrid of all people.

"Is thisâ€¦ is this what you want?" Astrid asked, true sorrow and guilt prominent in her eyes. I didn't answer.

"Is this what people have pushed you to?" Astrid pestered. I stayed silent still.

"Is this what we have pushed you to?" Astrid corrected. I opened my mouth but couldn't form words. Astrid looked down at the book one last time before closing it and holding it out for me to take. I timidly took it from her and quickly put it in my bag, relieved that it was in my bag and not her hands.

"Hiccupâ€¦ Why did you draw that?" Astrid inquired.

"Oh, I was just doodling, you know." I tried to blow off her question sarcastically but she didn't buy it for a second.

"No, I don't know. Hiccup you can't pretend like this isn't real. Please, no one should have to feel like that, tell someone." Astrid pleaded. I don't know why, I probably never will, but something snapped inside me at that moment.

"You say you want to help me, but why now? Why not whenever you see Snotlout doing things to me? why not fourteen years ago when my mom died? Why not when my dad hits me?" Why not a week ago when-" The words came out before I had time to react but I stopped myself just before I spilled the big secret. Astrid's eyes were a mile wide, she was speechless. I turned to face the wall, begging every god I knew for the door open soon. The silence lasted so long I almost forgot I

wasn't alone.

"When what?" Astrid asked almost inaudibly. My breath caught in my throat and I instinctively made myself as small as possible. My hand found its way to the new bruise on my chest. Astrid suddenly gasped, she must have made the connection I had feared she would.

"Hiccup, you didn't try toâ€¦ did you?" Astrid inquired. looking uneasy. I stayed in silence for a minute or two, before finally plucking up the courage to speak.

"What would you say if I did?" I answered. Astrid stayed in silence, probably contemplating her next move. I turned around to face her and I had never seen such honest guilt. She wrung her hands together in front of herself, looking anywhere but me. Astrid opened her mouth to speak but a metallic clicking sound rang throughout the room and the thick doors slowly rose up. Astrid and I turned to the doorway, meeting the face of a very angry teacher and a previously scolded Snotlout looking for revenge. The teacher stepped up to me and was prepared to yell at me when Astrid spoke.

"It wasn't Hiccup's fault, Snotlout pushed him into the pedestole, and that's what caused the alarm." Astrid explained. We all stood silently, stunned that \_Astrid Hofferson \_would stand up for anyone, especially me. The teacher looked from Astrid, to me, to Snotlout, then back to me before sighing and nodding.

"I'll deal with you later." She pointed at Snotlout as she waled away and gathered the class together.

"Because of recentâ€¦ events, we will be leaving early. Collect your things then head to the bus." She instructed. A simultaneous groan echoed through the large room as the students idled to their things then to the bus. While we were walking fell into step beside Astrid.

"Uhh, thanks.. for that." I said sheepishly.

"Don't get too used to it." Astrid threatened, speeding up to get away from me.

"Hey, Useless! Before we get on the bus why don't we have a little fun?" Snotlout offered, smiling wickedly.

"And we're back to normal." I mused to myself.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Okay guys, if you don't know already I am the beta for the amazing SapphiresAndPineapples. Her story is truly amazing and it isn't getting the attention it deserves, so I thought I might give you all a little spoiler. This is from chapter 7 of her story "Hell Hath No Fury." Here you go! <em>\*\*

Suddenly, there was a blinding pain in Hiccup's head, like a thousand needles piercing through his mind, and, not by his own will, he fell into a kneeling position on the ground, his head hanging after releasing a cry of agony. The pain then faded and lingered for a moment before disappearing, leaving Hiccup barely able to take in the thin, shuddering breaths he was.

He heard Torvak approaching and saw his feet stop right in front of him, and he then heard him say, "Because I am your master now. You serve me. You have no choice, neither does your dragon."

Hiccup's head suddenly flew up of its own accord, requiring him to look up at Torvak from the position on his knees, from which he found he could not move. "Any attempt to fight or resist will only end in your intense, intense pain." He said, smiling evilly.

He suddenly grabbed Hiccup's jaw, clenching it tightly and making him gasp in pain.

"As I said, young Haddock, your torture has only just begun."

He then turned and walked out of the room, and as soon as the hooded one followed, the invisible bonds holding Hiccup on his knees vanished, and he collapsed forward onto the ground, panting. He laid there for a moment, trying to calm his racing heart, and then he felt a gentle hand on his back.

"Are you alright?" Came the surprisingly concerned voice of Rhian.

Hiccup winced as he slowly pulled himself back up onto his knees, aided by the girl who held his arm to keep him steady. He looked at her, who, again surprisingly, was gazing at him with sympathy.

"What do you care?" He muttered wearily, looking at her.

Her voice came out soft, and even kind, as she replied, "I know the first time is always the worst."

## 9. Chapter 9

\*\*\_I don't really have much to say this time... other than THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH I LOVE YOU ALL! Oh, and please don't forget to review!  
;D\_\*\*

\*\*\_Read, review, and enjoy chapter 9 of A Penny For Your Thoughts!\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless rested his head on my lap and he seemed to be listening intently.<p>

"I didn't exactly tell her, but I didn't make it hard for her. When the doors opened she even defended me! But, after that it went back to normal: I couldn't talk to her, she wouldn't talk to me. I still had a full conversation, at least I have one life accomplishment." I explained. Toothless faked offense at my last statement: his head jolted up and he started me down, looking from his leg to me.

"You're right Toothless. Two life accomplishments." I smiled. Toothless leaned over to lick my face then jumped up and bolted to the closed door.

"You want to go outside?" I asked. Toothless jerked his head toward the door then barked furiously.

"Okay, okay, Bud, calm down!" I quickly opened the door, confused, and Toothless sprinted, as best he could, out the door, down the stairs, and to the back entrance of Gobber's house. I furrowed my brow while while I ran after him. I made my way downstairs and found Toothless scratching the door, I opened it and he took off.

"Toothless wait!" I yelled, but his incredible speed did not falter. I followed him to the woods, stopping at the tree line momentarily to wonder where Toothless was headed. I kept after him, not wanting to lose him, and found him in a small clearing. I entered the clearing and a wave of painful memories hit me. I quickly pushed them away and made my way to Toothless.

"Uh, Toothless? Why did you lead me here?" I asked, very curious. Suddenly something small and hard hit me in the back of my head. I gasped, whipping around and bringing a hand to the back of my head. Toothless immediately switched into protective mode, growling and falling into a battle ready stance.

"It's okay Toothless, it didn't hurt." I reassured him, though I was distracted. I looked into the thick of the forest to find the thrower but saw no one. I searched the forest floor to find what hit me and found only a single penny lying on a patch of thick moss. I knelt down and picked it up, turning it around in my fingers and furrowing my brow.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Someone asked. I knew that voice, I jerked my head up and saw Astrid leaning against a tree with her arms crossed. I jumped up, startled, and stepped in front of Toothless to keep him still.

"Astrid! W-Wjat are you doing here?" I sputtered out. Astrid flicked her head, her bangs flowing out of her face, then sighed.

"I couldn't leave this alone, Hiccup. I asked Gobber where you might come to be alone and he told me you are always around the forest." Astrid explained. I noticed she was holding something black and a wave of anxiety washed over me. After I stayed silent, my eyes traveling anywhere but her sheepishly, Astrid must have figured I wasn't going to talk. She pushed herself off of the tree and uncrossed her arms, revealing what she was holding: my father's gun, the very same one I took and almost used. Toothless' growling intensified at the sight of the gun and he looked ready to pounce. I sighed deeply; Astrid was smart, I couldn't lead her astray any more.

"Okay, fine, I'll explain, just not here. And please hide that somewhere before Toothless loses it." I begged, placing my hand on the back of Toothless' neck to calm him down. Astrid went behind a tree to bury the gun then came back over to us. Toothless stopped growling but was very tense as she approached.

"Where are we going to go?" Astrid asked in an alarmingly non-hostile tone, putting her hands on her hips. "Your house?"

"No!" I nearly yelled, throwing my hands out. Astrid seemed surprised

at my sudden outburst.

"I-I mean, I'm sure there is somewhere else we could go. My house is just soâ€¦ house-likeâ€¦ and we don't want to have to go thereâ€¦ right?" I sputtered out, shrugging my shoulders and rubbing my neck. In the middle of talking it hit me that Astrid Hofferson actually wants to go some where with me. It may not be because she wants to spend time with me but that didn't stop me from losing it just a little. Astrid raised an eyebrow and I knew she was trying with all her might not to just leave me here.

"Okay, we can go to my house then." Astrid decided. My heart nearly stopped, but then I remembered why I was going over to Astrid Hofferson's house. I sighed, this was not going to be fun.

When we arrived at Astrid's house after a silent, very awkward walk, she stopped before opening the door. She glanced at Toothless then gave me a slightly apologetic look. I, once again, sighed deeply.

"My parents aren't big animal people." Astrid explained. I nodded, scratching Toothless' head.

"Wait out here, Bud." I instructed. Toothless looked up at me with a protective gleam in his eyes.

"Don't worry Toothless, I'll be right out." I promised. Toothless licked my hand then laid down on the front porch. Astrid pushed open the door and I followed her in, closing the door behind me.

"Why don't I give you the tour?" Astrid suggested. I nodded, still unable to bring words to my mouth.

The front door of Astrid's house opened up into the living room, including a leather couch and love seat, a glass coffee table, a TV on a stand, and had family pictures lining the beige walls. Through an arched doorway to the right was a modern kitchen with polished steel appliances and a small round table with four chairs and a bouquet in a decorative vase. Through a door in the back of the den was Astrid's parents room, I wasn't allowed in there for unmentioned reasons. In the back left of the room was a hardwood staircase leading up to another beige hallway lined with pictures of Astrid throughout her years. There were three doors in the hallway: a guest room immediately in front of the stairs, a bathroom halfway down, and Astrid's room at the far end of the hallway.

Astrid led me down the hall to her room and opened the door, revealing a small, bland room consisting in a blue bed, a closet, and a shiny wooden desk. Astrid settled on the edge of her bed as I stood awkwardly in the doorway. I had always dreamed of the moment Astrid would want to talk to me, but now all I want is for her to leave me be. Astrid gestured for me to sit down in the chair pushed under her desk. I timidly walked into the room and seated myself, still very tense. There was an uncomfortable silence as we each waited for the other to speak.

"Uhâ€¦" My hand brought itself to the back of my head as I studied the room uneasily, hoping Astrid would get the message that I had no idea what she wanted from me.



"You just have to answer one simple question: why?" Astrid instructed.

"It seemed like the best option." I answered simply. Astrid's eyes widened and I felt the least I could do was to justify me answer.

"Let me explain. It all started when my mom died. I was just a baby when it happened, but according to Gobber my dad didn't handle her death too well. Gobber said Dad started becoming harsh and hateful. He acted like nothing was wrong at work, he had to be strong for his people, but at home was a different story. Gobber had to take care of me, before I could do it myself, because my dad didn't acknowledge me.

"Then, when I was old enough to go to school Gobber decided to get a job at the school to keep an eye on me without alarming my father. You see, they had what you might call an aggressive disagreement about my father's methods for raising me, more precisely the lack thereof: he was ignoring me. Gobber was right, after all, but my father was angry—very angry. I still don't know if it was just what Gobber said that set him off or if it was the past five years' anger coming out. That night was the beginning. That night—was the first time my dad hit me." I relayed, my eyes glued on the floor. Astrid gasped and I heard the bed creak with her movement, but I couldn't bring myself to look her in the face. I took a deep breath, shifted slightly in my seat, and continued.

"He would go to work before I woke up for school, he would come home late at night, never acknowledging me. The only time he wouldn't look right through me was when I initiated contact. I would ask him a harmless question or simply say hi and he would erupt on me.

"How could someone do that to their own son?" Astrid interrupted. I forced my eyes up to hers, noticing strong emotion etched across her features.

"He didn't think of me as a son. Recently, he told me all he thought of me was a reminder of his beloved wife and the reason he lost her. I don't know what he meant by that. Anyway, you know most of the part of the story at school, not much better." Astrid looked to the ground, guilt and shame evident in her eyes.

"About a week and a half ago, I got in a fight with my father, and that's when I—tried to do it. And I would have—if it weren't for Toothless. He stopped me and gave me the friend I have always needed.

"That's—" Astrid couldn't seem to find the right words. I sat uncomfortably in the chair staring at the gray carpet, wait for her response.

"Hiccup, I—" Astrid began but I shook my head.

"You don't have to say anything." I assured Astrid.

"Hiccup I'm sorry. I had no idea." Astrid apologized. I shouldn't have been shocked by her answer, but I was nonetheless. I felt myself relax, physically and mentally.

"What are you going to do now?" Astrid had many different emotions swimming through her azure eyes as I peered into them. I was taken aback by her question, I hadn't thought about what I would do next.

"Just what I always do: let my dad calm down for a few days then go on my way." I answered, shrugging my shoulders.

"No, I'm going to help you fix your relationship with your father." Astrid announced. I had a feeling she would say something like that but I still had to try to talk her out of it.

"I don't know if that is such a good ideaâ€¦" I advised.

"Well I do. We'll start tomorrow and have the whole weekend since the trip was cut short." Astrid planned.

"That's not really necessary, I mean, we could justâ€¦ not." I suggested. Astrid rolled her eyes, sliding off her bed and crossing her arms.

"I'm not going to win this one, am I?" I realized.

"Nope." Astrid answered, starting out of her room. She waved for me to follow and led me to the front door. She opened it, revealing a very enthusiastic black dog. I stepped out to greet him, rubbing his neck.

"I'll see you in the morning then. Meet me here and we'll go to your dad's office together." Astrid ordered. She shot me a small grin then closed the door. A metallic clicking sounded, the door being locked, then a moment later the light in the main room went out. I turned in the direction of Gobber's house, only then realizing how late it was. I exhaled deeply.

"We'd better get to Gobber's and get some rest. I've got to be back here bright and early. I can't wait." I explained, feigning joy. Tomorrow was going to be a long day.

## 10. Chapter 10

\*\*\_Oh my gosh, guys! I forgot to tell you this all in the AN of the last chapter: the meaning behind the name of the story was revealed! I'm sure some, if not all, of you made that connection but I didn't head anything about that particularly. Although, in the glorious review I loved so much from you amazing people I had a lot of concerns about Astrid trying to help Hiccup out. I don't think all of you like that idea but, trust me, I do have a plan for this story, one you guys will hopefully like. Just remember: patience is a virtue! \_\*\*

\*\*\_On the subject of patience, update times. Guys, I am using every once of my free time to write but I just don't have enough time to have the fast updates you ask for. I really want to give those speedy updates to you guys and I probably will soon, but until then please bear with me. You guys are the best!\_\*\*

\*\*\_Read, review, and enjoy chapter 10 of A Penny For Your Thoughts!\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Maybe she forgot." I hoped. Toothless perked his head and looked at me. We have been sitting on the curb in front of Astrid's house for the past hour. Toothless either didn't have a response or didn't care, he simply put his head back down on his paws.<p>

"Hiccup!" Astrid called out.

"Looks like we weren't so lucky." I whispered to Toothless. I jumped up and turned around to see Astrid heading my way. Just then it hit me, why I had said. Only a few days ago I would have given anything for Astrid, or anyone really, not to forget about me. It's ironic, to say the least.

"Are you ready?" Astrid asked.

"Well, define ready." I responded. Astrid rolled her eyes and shifted her weight to one foot. I hesitated, stepping down from her grass to the street.

"Look, Astrid, I don't think going to see my dad is such a good idea. I mean, he gets mad enough when I just comment, I don't want to know what he'll do if he finds out I told you anything." I pleaded, subconsciously slouching.

"Don't you want to have a relationship with your father?" Astrid asked. I opened my mouth but all words had left me. Toothless must have sensed that Astrid was getting to me, he stood up and growled lightly at Astrid. She took a step back defensively, her eyes never leaving Toothless.

"I don't think you two have been properly introduced. Astrid, meet Toothless." I gave Toothless a pat on his head. Astrid gave me a weird look. I took this opportunity to change the conversation.

"Why don't I tell you the story behind that name? You see, when-" I began, feigning enthusiasm.

"Hiccup, you can't distract me that easily." Astrid interrupted, crossing her arms. I sighed, I knew she was right.

"Come on." Astrid strolled past me, heading toward my father's office. I groaned, finally bringing myself to follow her.

"Come on Bud." I instructed glumly. Toothless bounded up and trailed after me. Astrid led us about halfway to my dad's office, myself getting more anxious by the minute, when I began racking the deepest parts of my brain for a worthwhile excuse to get stop her. I scanned the area for anything I could use to my advantage, I would take anything. Who I found was not exactly what I had in mind.

"Astrid! What are you doing with \_that\_!" Snotlout yelled from across the road, crossing it with his posse in tow. I inwardly cringed, I couldn't let Astrid have the embarrassment if being publicly seen with me.

"Snotlout, what a pleasant surprise." I greeted, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Ugh, it's you." Tuffnut commented, shrinking back in feigned disgust. Astrid rolled her eyes as I rubbed my hands together, stepping in front of Toothless. Toothless nudged me and I put a hand on his head to calm him. Snotlout strutted to Astrid and threw an arm around her shoulders.

"Hey Babe, why don't you come with us. I'll be your hero and save you from... that." Snotlout offered. Astrid pushed his hand off her shoulder violently. She opened her mouth to respond but I intervened, seeing what might be my only opportunity to escape.

"Ah, Astrid, you can't refuse a genuine offer like that. I guess I'll have to go, see you when I see you!" I said as quickly as I could. I pushed Toothless in the right direction and bolted, looking back and waving. Toothless and I dashed as quickly as we could back to Gobber's house. I threw open the door, Toothless ran in, then I slammed it shut and bolted the lock. I leaned up against the door, my breathing fast and deep, and slid down to the floor. Toothless lay down beside me, panting. I reached my arm over his head and scratched it. He seemed to melt into my comforting touch.

"We got out just in time Bud. I really don't want to know what my Dad would've done." I explained, running my hand up and down Toothless' back. I pushed myself up from the floor and ran my hand down my face. Toothless saw me standing and tried to stand, but he was having trouble.

"Bud, you okay?" I asked, kneeling down to help him. With my help Toothless successfully stood up. He looked at the leg I made for him and whimpered slightly. I made my way behind Toothless and inspected his leg, finding the fault in my design.

"I really need to adjust thisâ€¦ but all of the designs and tools are in my room." I realized, my arms dropping to my side. I sighed, looking at Toothless.

"I guess we should try to go back?" I asked, looking to Toothless for the answer. He tilted his head to the side then bombarded me with licking.

"Hey, Bud, stop, Toothless, ah- come on! That isn't going to wash out!" I choked out through laughter. I finally pushed Toothless off of my sat up, letting a stay giggle out. He wagged his tail, obviously extremely pleased with himself.

"I guess I should get my stuff together." I trudged up to Gobber's guest room and collected my things, which isn't very hard considering how little stuff I have, then headed out, Toothless trailing happily behind me. We walked to my house very aware, constantly on the lookout for a certain blonde who will surely be searching for me. And what better place to hide from the girl looking for me than my own house. Smart, brain.

"You know, going back to my house might not have been the smartest thing to do." I concluded, rolling my eyes at myself. I looked back to check for Astrid and I saw Snotlout rounding the corner. I patted Toothless on the head then sped up, Toothless following my lead. I glanced back again and noticed that Snotlout was alone. At first I was happy he was alone but then I remembered what Snotlout alone

meant for me.

"Come on, Toothless." I whispered, walking even faster. I could see my house, it was at the end of this block. I peeked behind me and saw that Snotlout was gaining on me, and fast. I knew I wasn't going to make it to my house like this.

"On three, run." I ordered in a hushed whisper. I looked over my shoulder, Snotlout was still rapidly advancing, and I he was close enough to where I could see the menacing look on his face.

"Oneâ€| twoâ€| three!" Toothless and I broke out in a full-on sprint, dashing toward my house. We surprisingly reached my yard and I turned for a split second, seeing Snotlout almost at us, and I ran as hard as I could to the front door. I grabbed the doorknob and pushed it open, holding it for Toothless to go in first, and right as I was taking a step in Snotlout grabbed me. My hand was still latched on the knob as he threw me down so the door slammed shut. I hit the concrete of the porch face down, as I stayed frozen in shock I could head Toothless barking and scratching at the door. I turned around and looked up at Snotlout, my eyes pleading for mercy. He grabbed my shirt and pulled me up to him.

"Whet were you doing with my girl!?" Snotlout demanded. I gulped, deciding to go down the dangerous route.

"Snotlout, she isn't yours in the first place-" Snotlout threw me down, my head hitting the concrete.

"And second, she made me meet her today." I explained. Snotlout looked more furious than I have ever seen him before. I propped myself up on my elbows, closed my eyes, and turned my head away.

"Go ahead, give it to me. But I was telling the truth." I braced myself for anything Snotlout could throw at me. He grabbed my shirt again and pulled me up.

"Don't \_ever\_ go near her again!" Snotlout commanded, pushing me off the porch. I landed on my side, grunting, but quickly composed myself and propped myself up on my elbows. Snotlout was already walking away and I swore I could see the steam fuming off him. I groaned, falling to the ground. I breathed hard while the adrenaline faded from my body. I closed my eyes and prepared myself for the pain, it comes hardest when the adrenaline fades.

"At least now I have a valid excuse to stop Astrid from dragging me to talk with my Dad." I mumbled to myself.

\* \* \*

><p>Two days and a fixed prosthetic dog leg later, I let Toothless outside and told him to stay close, then headed school right on schedule. I went halfway through the day with nothing of interest happening and I was starting to get a little worried. The only reasons Snotlout wouldn't have done something to me by now was if something happened to him or he was planning something big. I wasn't particularly fond of either one. It was on the way to lunch when I stopped at my locker and prayed to the gods Snotlout wouldn't see me. I shoved the books I would need later into my bag and was about to grab the last one whenâ€|<p>

"Useless!" Snotlout yelled in my ear. I tried to dash away but Snotlout slammed my locker door with all his might, my arm still in it. I cried out and yanked my arm to my side, grabbing the spot where it was smashed.

"Why would to do that?" I asked harshly, my brain screaming at me to just walk away.

"Why wouldn't I?" Snotlout laughed. I took the opportunity and dashed away, turning the corner and heading into the cafeteria. Surely he wouldn't be able to find me among the masses of ravenous high school students. I found my way to an empty table in the corner—"surprise, surprise"—and sat down. I had my back to the rest of the students as I pulled out my sketchbook. For most of lunch hour I sketched Toothless with his new prosthetic, but with only a few minutes left I heard someone's footsteps nearing me and I gulped, quickly shoving my book into my bag. I zipped my bag up and braced myself for the worst, slowly turning around.

"Snotlout, I—" I looked up and saw Astrid walking briskly toward me. I froze, my breath catching in my throat. The rest of the student must have seen it to, the room went silent. Everyone knew who Astrid Hofferson was, everyone knew who I was, and everyone knew that even acknowledging me was social suicide. Everyone watched in awe as Astrid ignored them and sat down across from me.

"Hi." Astrid greeted with a smile. My jaw dropped. The room erupted in hushed whispers as I simply stared at Astrid, telling myself to wake up from my dream.

"When someone says something to you it's polite to respond." Astrid said, folding her hands on the table. I snapped myself out of my daze and racked my brain to find words.

"I'm, er- you're, uh, what?" I asked. Astrid rolled her eyes.

"It's not that big of a deal." Astrid mumbled. I glanced behind me at everyone else and found them still staring.

"What are you doing?" I asked in the nicest tone possible, but my voice was overcome by curiosity.

"I'm just sitting here." Astrid answered.

"Uh, I may not be the most familiar with the high school social pyramid, but I'm pretty sure you just killed it." I said. Astrid chuckled.

"Oh well." She shrugged. My eyes widened to the size of boulders.

"But, you, and I'm, we're- huh?" I asked. Astrid rolled her eyes once again, standing up.

"I'm going to get my things for the next class. See you there." Astrid waved goodbye as she walked away, every head turning in her direction. Snotlout was the only one not looking at Astrid, he was glaring at me.

"Oh, great." I grabbed my bag and dashed into the crowd to get away from Snotlout. I pushed my way through them and made my way into the halls, whispers and pointing following me. I ignored them as I rushed to my next class. I snuck into the room and quickly settled in my desk in the back of the room. As the other students filled the room, Snotlout, Astrid, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut included, the teacher passed out a packet. I picked mine up just as the bell rang, my heart sunk when I read the title.

"Your group project I have been talking about has finally arrived. These are the groups: Fishlegs, Astrid, Tuffnut are group one, Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Hiccup are group two" I didn't hear the rest of the groups. My eyes darted to Snotlout who glared back at me. If looks could kill, I would be halfway to Valhalla.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Ya, not a great ending to the chapter, but thats where I wanted to end it. It feels kinda rushed though. Oh well. I bet you guys thought Hiccup and Astrid would be in a group together. HA! Unexpected, right? Well I like this chapter, it has a lot of important things in it. My other story gets the next update so this one might be a while. Or it might be soon, I'll have a lot of time to write for the next two weeks. Yay! :D Remember, a review only takes you a few clicks of your keyboard but it gives my a smile that lasts hours! Cheesy, I know, but true! I love you guys! Until next time! :)<strong>\_

## 11. Chapter 11

\*\*\_Guys guys guys! This is when the story really gets good! I'm so exited. This chapter really should end where the double page break is but it was way too short and I decided to be make up for the wait times you guys have had to put up with so here's a double-ish chapter! Yay! BTW you guys are the best fanfic followers on the face of the planet. I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH!\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Right as the bell rang, the other students fled form the classroom. Astrid's group and mine were the only ones left.<p>

"We can all meet a my house after school if you want to." Ruffnut suggested.

"No, we should all meet at my house!" Tuffnut corrected. The twins glared then launched at each other, not realizing Astrid was in-between them. Astrid threw out her arms and the twins' heads' hit her hands. Astrid held them there as they struggled to get at each other, though their attempts were futile.

"Same house, idiots." Astrid pointed out. The twins' arms flopped to their sides and they stopped trying to reach each other.

"Oh." Ruffnut said.

"Right." Tuffnut added.

"Oh, I can't wait! All of us together, doing schoolwork, it'll be

great." Fishlegs commented. I glanced over at Snotlout and found him glaring daggers at me. Taking a step back, I tore my eyes away from his.

"So we'll meet at the front doors after school and walk to the twins' house together." Astrid clarified. The others nodded and left the room with Astrid, leaving me alone with Snotlout. The others' talking died down and the door creaked to a close. Hoping the teacher would still be in the room, I took a glance around the room, seeing no one. I gulped and started backing up, hitting numerous desks and chairs on my way.

"Snotlout, I, uh, look-" I stuttered.

"What did I tell you?" Snotlout demanded, rapidly advancing.

"You, uh- well, I, then, uh, she-" I attempted. My back hit the wall so I made myself as small as possible. Snotlout raised his arm just as I closed my eyes. His fist hit my face and I let out a grunt as the force knocked me to the ground. Something warm and wet trickled down my cheek. I brought my hand up to my face then peeked at Snotlout. Rage had taken over his features.

"I don't even know why you keep trying to be around her. She's mine! Why would she ever want to talk to you of all people? You're useless and you don't have any worth to anyone." Snotlout growled through clenched teeth. Just as he reared his leg back to kick me the door burst open. Astrid briskly entered then slowed once she saw us.

"What's going on?" Astrid inquired in an accusatory tone, coming to a stop. Snotlout threw his hands behind his back and rocked on his toes and heels.

"Nothing, babe. Just having a conversation with Useless here." Snotlout lied, not very well I might add.

"Hiccup?" Astrid asked. The expression on Snotlout's face showed as if he would actually try to kill me if I told Astrid the truth.

"Uh... nothing to see here, Astrid. Just some... friendly, cousinly bonding... heh heh." I sincerely hoped for my sake that Astrid would just let it go.

"Whatever. Hiccup, Gobber wants to see you in his office." Astrid relayed. I quickly picked myself up and wiped the blood off my face. I followed Astrid into the hall, taking one last glance at Snotlout. He mouthed something to me but I couldn't make it out as Astrid closed the door. She sighed and beckoned for me to follow her. Astrid guided me through the school until we reached the janitor's closet. Astrid pulled open the door.

"Um, shouldn't we be going to class, or is it just me thinking that since we are at school- whoa!" Rolling her eyes, Astrid shoved me into the small utility closet. I tripped over my feet and fell into a pile of brooms and mops propped against the wall. The started to fall and I frantically grabbed at them. They all ended up on the floor. Astrid closed the door behind her and flicked the light-switch on.



"W-What exactly are we doing in a closet?" I asked, becoming slightly frightened.

"What did he do to you?" Astrid asked, inspecting where Snotlout hit me.

"What did who do to me?" I asked, deciding to play the innocent routine. I moved toward the door but Astrid stepped back in front of the handle, successfully blocking me in. I sighed; I wasn't getting out of here until Astrid was satisfied with what I told her.

"It's nothing much. He was threatening me again." I revealed. Astrid's eyes widened with either shock or concern, I couldn't tell which.

"Again?" She inquired.

"Yes, again. Can I go to class now? I have a, uh, very important quiz I have to take."

"You mean he's threatened you before?" Astrid pestered, ignoring my plea.

"That's what again usually meansâ€¦." My gaze fell to my feet.

"But why? What did he say?" Astrid took a step forward. I groaned quietly.

"He saidâ€¦ well, yesterday he told me to stay away from you because according to him you're his. Then today at lunchâ€¦ he thinks that's my fault." I explained sheepishly. Astrid looked stunned.

"He control what you do and he definitely doesn't own me." Astrid pointed out angrily. Her gaze drifted to the floor as I kept silent. I discretely looked from Astrid to the door, noticing the gap she left from coming toward me. I bolted to the door and had my hand on the knob before she realized what I had done.

"Please don't tell Snotlout about this." I pleaded. Astrid nodded slightly so I slipped out the door.

\* \* \*

><p>"Alright, everyone ready?" Astrid asked the group. The six of us had gathered at the front doors of the school to head to the twins' house together. I made an effort to be as far away from Snotlout as possible, but that also meant walking next Astrid the whole way there. I could almost feel him glaring at me, though I didn't dare look. Once I did take a glance at him I decided it better to lag behind the group. They didn't notice me fall behind, I didn't expect them to. When we arrived at the twins house we crowded into their shared room and sat for a moment in silence.<p>

"Soâ€¦" Fishlegs said.

"Um, should we get started?" Astrid asked, pulling a notebook from her bag and flipping to a blank page.

"Or we could, like, not do homework." Tuffnut suggested, shrugging.

The others agreed. I remained silent, standing awkwardly in the corner of the room. The twins' mom entered the room with a tray of snacks.

"I thought you all might want some snacks." She set the tray down on a table in-between the two beds.

"Thank you Mrs. Thorston." Fishlegs said.

"You're very welcome, Fishlegs." She replied. She scanned the room, smiling and greeting the normal friends of her children, but stopped when her eyes landed on me.

"And who might you be?" She asked.

"Hiccup, Hiccup Haddock." I answered quietly.

"Ah, of course. That's a nasty cut on your face, how'd you get it?" She interrogated. I was surprised for a moment, but then remembered I had to answer.

"I, uh..." I began, rubbing the back of my neck.

"He tripped over air." Snotlout smirked, receiving laughter from the twins.

"Oh. You all have a good time, now! I'll be out for a while, I'll probably be back around seven. Be good!" She said then exited.

"I'll never understand how such a nice woman could possibly be related to you two." Astrid commented.

"We're more like our Dad." Ruffnut answered.

"I was told we were dropped as babies." Tuffnut added.

"That explains a lot." Fishlegs said under his breath.

"Hey, Snotlout, will you come with me for a minute?" Astrid asked. Snotlout bolted to her, throwing his arm around her shoulders. She picked it up by his wrist and dragged him out of the room. I heard a door close. I peered over to the twins and Fishlegs, they were sitting as awkwardly on the beds as I was standing in the corner. They seemed lost without some sort of leadership. Astrid stormed into the room and sat down next to Ruffnut and crossed her arms irritably, an air of confidence coming with her. Snotlout idled into the room with a look of terror on his face. He quickly wiped it off and settled beside Tuffnut.

"Now that that's settled, let's get started on this project." Astrid declared.

\* \* \*

><p>The next few weeks were pretty similar to each other: school, Snotlout, Astrid, Snotlout, project, Snotlout, home, Toothless, hiding from Dad, sleep; not very interesting. Although, Astrid did start letting me sit with her and her friends at lunch. At first everyone was shocked and it was beyond awkward, but then I started to get along with them, apart from Snotlout. Things were really starting

to look up for me. I even got <em>Astrid Hofferson's<em> phone number! I also chose to ignore that fact that she gave it to all of us along with us to everyone else so we could work out times for the project. That is, until one Saturday morning when I happened to glance at the calendar after my father had left for work.

I filled up Toothless' new bowl with the special dog food I had bought for him and he scarfed it down like he had never eaten before, just like every time. I grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl on the counter and was about to grab my backpack from where I had leaned it against the wall when I noticed a calendar on the table. I sauntered to the table and inspected the calendar. I saw a week circled in red ink. When I read what it was labeled I froze, my apple falling and landing with a thud on the ground. Toothless nudged my leg and whined quietly.

"I can't believe I forgot." I ran my hands through my hair with apprehensiveness. Toothless looked very confused and concerned. I yanked out my phone and began to send a message to Astrid.

\_how fast can you get to my house?\_

\_why? is something wrong?\_

\_you could say that. just please come. it's easier to explain in person.\_

\_on my way. be there in 2\_

I put my phone back in my pocket and headed out to the front porch, Toothless following. I sat on the edge of the stone uprising, my legs hanging off the edge. Toothless settled himself beside me and relaxed his head on my lap. I stroked the back of his neck and in no time Astrid arrived. She sat down next to me with a look of worry on her face.

"What's wrong?" Astrid asked. I sighed and leaned back, propping myself up on my extended arms.

"Every year Dad takes me to a weeklong gathering of other mayors in the area and their future successors. I don't want to go but he always makes me. It's never exactly pleasant but this timeâ€¦ our relationship, more like lack thereof, has long past gone down the drain." I explained, staring straight ahead of me.

"Do you remember a few weeks ago when I wanted you to talk to your Dad?" Astrid asked. I jerked my head to look at her.

"You're not saying-"

"Hiccup, you have to try. If you're as worried about this as you seem then you have to do something!" Astrid ordered. I stayed silent.

"If you don't I will." Astrid added confidently.

"Okay, okay, I'll talk to him! No need for drastic measuresâ€¦" I complied.

"When's the last time you said a word to him?" Astrid asked.

"At least a month." I answered. Astrid sighed, we both knew this wasn't going to be easy.

"I'll stay and help you, but you're talking to him tonight."

"Astrid!"

"No, I don't want to hear it. You're talking to him. You have to start eventually, better now than never." Astrid explained. I groaned and laid back on the concrete, closing my eyes.

"What do I even say?" I asked.

"Just start with the truth." Astrid replied.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Not super happy with this chapter but oh well. It's the content that counts. With the beginning of the last part, I just thought I could summarize what would have been like three boring chapters in one paragraph. Ok?<em>\*</p></strong></p>

## 12. Chapter 12

\*\*\_Sorry for the short chapter but it needed to end there. It did. I'll try to update sooner this time but I make no promises. YOU GUYS REALLY ARE AMAZING! I don't know what I would do without every single one of you. I know it sound cheep and sappy but it's true. Ok, just ignore that and go on to the chapter. :)\_\*\*

\*\*\_Read, review, and enjoy chapter 12 of A Penny For Your Thoughts!\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid and I stood in front of the building with my father's office. I sucked in my breath and placed my hand on the door handle. Astrid held an encouraging look on her face when I glanced sideways at her.<p>

"What do I say?" I asked, my eyes glued to the ground.

"Just talk to him." Astrid answered, putting her hand on my shoulder.

"That's the thing, I don't know how. I haven't had a decent conversation with him in years." I explained.

Oh I thought you said you talk to him a few months ago. "Astrid voiced.

"I said a decent conversation. And by decent, I mean one that doesn't involve yelling, hitting, or running for cover." I added. Astrid sighed.

"Maybe you should wait here." I suggested. Astrid wiped the encouragement off her face then opened her mouth to retort, but I decided to intervene.

"Or you could go wait with Toothless. I'm sure he would love the company!" I awkwardly rocked back-and-forth on my feet. Astrid rolled her eyes forcefully.

"Don't you want the support?" Astrid inquired.

"I do, I'm just not exactly sure how my father's going to react". I explained.

"Hiccup-" Astrid began.

"Astrid, this between me and my dad, not you, not anyone else. I don't want you getting caught in the middle of it." I voiced. Astrid, in all her stubbornness, refused. I groaned.

"Fine, but if I tell you to leave, you leave. Got it?" I demanded.

"Whatever." Astrid answered, though I knew she wouldn't really leave if she needed to. Once again, I focused on the door, trying to think of what else I could say to my dad. Nothing came to mind.

"I still don't know what to say." I said.

"Just talk to him." Astrid answered.

"Thanks, that helps so much." I replied to sarcastically. Astrid rolled her eyes.

"Look, I can't tell you what to say, I can only back you up. What exactly do you want to accomplish here?" Astrid asked. I shrugged my shoulders.

"I, uh, I don't know." I revealed, my hand sliding off the door. Astrid seemed slightly surprised.

"You want to fix the relationship with your dad, right?" Astrid asked. I nodded.

"Okay!" First of all, from what I've heard there isn't much of a relationship to fix. You two are more different than any two people I've ever seen." Astrid rambled. I raise an eyebrow.

"H-How is this helping?" I inquired.

"You need to start a relationship." Astrid clarified, opening the door to the building. She smirked and pushed me inside, quickly following. I took a deep breath and slowly walked to the end of the hall where my father's office was. The door was open and he was writing something on some official looking papers. I turned my head to Astrid, she nodded and gestured for me to go in. I took another deep breath then stepped into the doorway, knocking on the wall to get his attention. He looked up then seemed surprised when he saw me.

"Hiccup, do you need something?" Dad asked in monotone, looking back down to his work.

"I, uh!" I glanced back at Astrid and she mouthed, "Ask him

something."

"Um, I, uh, Iâ€¦ Dad, ho-how'sâ€¦ umâ€¦ how'sâ€¦" I glanced hopefully in Astrid's direction. She groaned and stepped into the room. Stoik heard her come in and lifted his gaze to the duo.

"Sir, what Hiccup is trying to say is that he's been thinking about that week-long meeting coming up and he wants to start a good relationship with you, his father, before you two go off to the all do respect, Sir, this goes both ways. You have things you can do better at when it comes to being a father and Hiccup has things he could work on too." Astrid explained before I could stop her. Stoik was shocked. I face palmed. This wasn't going to end well.

"What place do you have to say those things to me?" Stoik asked threateningly. I instinctively shrunk into myself and took a step back, but Astrid held her ground with confidence.

"Hiccup has told me how you treat him and I've never heard about you acting even the least bit fatherly to him." Astrid continued. My father's eyes flared with anger. He stood up from his chair and I knew Astrid had gone to far. As my father came around the desk I dashed in front of Astrid. I ended up face to face with my father.

"Dad, if you're angry take it out on me." My father seemed to take control of himself slightly, enough to where I thought I would be able to get through to him.

"Dad, I-I don't really know how say this butâ€¦ I-I want to sta- fix our relationship." I said. Dad looked confused so I pondered what I could say to explain. Astrid pushed me out of the way and stood beside me.

"You abuse him, sir." Astrid clarified. My father flared with anger.

"Dad calm down." I instructed. He seemed surprised at my standing up to him.

"This isn't the way to do it." I whispered to Astrid. She ignored me.

"Sir, from what I've heard, you mostly ignore Hiccup. When you don't look straight through him, you yell at him and hurt him. He gets enough abuse and bullying at school. Kids and teens are supposed to be able to go home after school and be able to talk to their parents and receive comfort and love. Hiccup doesn't have that. He should be able to come home to a safe environment and a father who loves him." Astrid put into words what I had been hoping for as long as I could remember. My father's features were hard as stone and nothing Astrid had said seemed to be getting to him. I sighed deeply. I guess somewhere deep down I was really hoping Astrid would be able to help my father and I reconcile.

"Come on Astrid, let's go. We don't want to disturb his work." I hung my head and started out the door. Astrid wasn't moving.

"Astrid, come on. He obviously doesn't want us here." I grabbed Astrid's arm and pulled her out the door. I took one last glance at

my father, praying to every god I knew that he would call me back in his office. His face stayed cold, his heart stayed frozen. I closed the door quietly then began to walk out of the building.

"If you need me I'll be staying at Gobber's for a while. See you at school." I glanced back at Astrid and noticed she hadn't moved from in front of the door. I didn't care to force her to leave. I had a feeling she would only try to get me back in there. But I knew now why my father had been neglecting me. He didn't want me. I was just an interruption to him. Just a useless hiccup.

### 13. Chapter 13

I lay on the bed in Gobber's guest room, absentmindedly stroking Toothless's back as he was snuggled beside me. It had been about two hours since I was in my father's office. I had my phone in my hand, hoping with the deepest parts of me that my Dad would call me or text me to come back to his office. I hoped he would say that he wanted me. After today though, I knew it would never happen. Suddenly, my phone vibrated. I bolted up and eagerly looked at the screen.

\_1 new message from Astrid Hofferson: Hiccup we need to talk\_

I let myself fall back onto the bed, debating whether or not I should answer. Sure, my hopes of my father accepting me and having a real family were crushed a few hours ago, but this was Astrid: the girl I have loved since I first looked at her. I eventually decided to respond.

\_about what\_

\_your dad\_

\_that's really the last thing I want to talk about right now.

\_

\_Hiccup i really need to tell you this. in person\_

\_he doesn't want me Astrid! i'm nothing but a burden to him. i'm a useless hiccup and everyone knows it. just let this one go. please\_

I threw my phone to the other side of the bed and sat up, my legs hanging off the side of the bed. I place my elbows on my legs and let my head fall into my hands. Why can't Astrid just accept this? My phone vibrated but I ignored it. Toothless awoke from his deep sleep and nudged me with his snout, his way of asking if I was alright.

"I'm okay, Toothless." His head fell into my lap and I gently stroked it. The front door to the house creaked open and I realized with a jolt I had forgotten to ask Gobber if I could stay. Sighing, I pushed myself off the bed and slowly made my way downstairs. Gobber was in the kitchen putting plastic bags on the table.

"Hey, Gobber." I greeted quietly. Gobber jumped and grabbed a pan. Ready to defend himself, he held the pan out in front of him. When he realized it was me he placed the pan back on the counter.

"Don't sneak up on me like that, lad." Gobber criticized.

"Sorry. I-Is it okay if I stay here again? Sorry to just barge in but Dadâ€¦" Toothless bounded to Gobber from behind me. Gobber patted his head then quickly returned his attention to me.

"What happened?" He asked sympathetically.

"It's not important." I replied, just as a knock came from the front door. I glanced out the window and saw a very irritated Astrid waiting. Gobber went to answer the door but I stopped him.

"If she asks, don't tell her I'm here. Please, Gobber." I begged, my hand on his massive forearm.

"When are you ever going to have another girl wanting to see you, laddie? This is your chance!" Gobber argued.

"Please. I'm really not in the mood." Gobber hesitantly nodded then proceeded to the door. I ran upstairs as quickly and quietly as I could, Toothless following, but hesitated at the top. I heard The front door open and Gobber and Astrid greet each other. Astrid sounded winded.

"Is Hiccup here?" She asked. A floorboard creaked and I pleaded silently that Gobber would say no.

"Just missed him, las. Should I give him a message?" I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding and dashed into the guest room, not waiting to hear Astrid's response. Toothless jumped on the bed as I closed the door behind me. I leaned back and slowly let myself slide down to the floor. I crossed my arms over my knees and pulled then closer to my chest, my head falling on top of the pile. I heard Toothless jump onto the floor and his paws padding to me. He nudged his nose under my arms and licked my face. Forcing a smile, I wiped the slobber off my face and extended my legs so Toothless could lay his head on my lap.

"Hey Toothless." I scratch his head affectionately.

"Why did I ever think my father would want me? Why did I ever think anyone would want me?" I asked Toothless quietly. He winced, looking up at me with his big green eyes.

"At least you'll never leave me bud." There was a loud knock on the door, causing me to jump. I jerked away from the door and it slowly creaked open. Gobber stepped slowly into the room when the door was opened enough. He looked at me with sadness and pity strong in his eyes.

"D-Did you hear any of that?" Gobber nodded slowly. I shifted my feet anxiously, my gaze falling to the floor. I was waiting for Gobber to say something, but what? I don't know.

"Astrid wants wants to talk to ya. She's waitin' in the park. She said for me to get you there any way possible." Gobber explained. Groaning, I flopped onto the bed. Toothless nudged my leg forcefully.

"What is it Toothless?" I asked. He suddenly barked and jumped onto



the bed behind me.

"Toothless? What's gotten into you?" I asked as I sat up. Barking, he pushed me off the bed and to the door.

"Looks like someone wants you to go." Gobber stepped out go the doorway and into the hallway, clearing a path for Toothless and I.

"Toothless, stop." I ordered, trying to hold my ground. Toothless bit the sleeve of my shirt hanging past me hand and began to drag me down the stairs.

"Toothless, stop, let go!" Toothless dragged me to the front door and scratched at it. He let go of my sleeve and jumped around the door. I opened it cautiously. Toothless burst out the door and bolted down the street.

"Toothless!" I yelled after him. I groaned and reluctantly ran after him. He soon left my sight at a corner but I stopped, realizing where he was going. I turned around and took the short cut to the park. When I arrived, I saw Toothless sitting with Astrid on a bench. I slowed to a walk and caught my breath just in time to sit next to Astrid. We sat in an uncomfortable silence for a moment before I heard her clear her throat. I looked to her and our eyes met. Astrid took a deep breath.

"After you left I went back into his office." I put my elbows on my knees and rested my head on them, my mind spinning anxiously, worried of what comes next.

"Hiccup, heâ€¦ he cares. He loves you he just-"

"He just what?" I snapped, immediately regretting it after it left my mouth.

"He sees your mother in you. He misses her and is filled with regret and guilt when he thinks about her or you." I sat up and grabbed the edge of the bench, my knuckled going white from the force I was squeezing it with.

"Are you defending him?" I asked. Astrid put her hand on mine.

"When I went into his office he was crying, or starting to at least. He knows he messed up and he thinks the trip will be a good time to make things right." I hung my head and went deep into thought.

"If that's what it takesâ€¦ I'll go on the trip." I proclaimed, my eyes still glued to the ground.

"You don't have to if you don't want to, there are other ways, better ways-"

"He wants me to go, Astrid. He wants me to go. I can't pass this by."

\* \* \*

><p>I hauled my bag out of the house and threw it into the back of my father's car. He brought his own and threw it into the back, closing

the trunk door behind him. I turned to Astrid and rubbed the back of my neck.<p>

"Thanks for everything. I wouldn't be going on this trip without you." She grabbed the front of my shirt and pulled me into a hug. It lasted about a second. I was too shocked to return the gesture, only regaining myself when she pushed me away. I stared at her in awe. She punched my shoulder, bringing me back to my senses.

"Ow! What was that for?" She rolled her eyes.

"Be careful." I nodded and she waved one last time then turned and started back to her own house. I smiled then made my way to the passenger seat of the car. I opened the back door first, letting Toothless jump into the backseat of the car, then closed it and got into my own seat. I buckled my seat belt then sat awkwardly as Dad pulled out of the driveway.

I looked back while he drove out of the town. Just as it disappeared from view I got a bad feeling in my gut. I gulped and turned forward.

"Tell me about the girl." Dad asked.

"W-What?"

"Just trying to start a conversation. She explained to me some ways to keep myself calm and to reconcile with you. Conversation. Tell me about her."

I went off on a long, detailed description of Astrid Hofferson, leaving out the part about my being in love with her. Dad nodded periodically, letting me know he was listening. As I was talking, something about the situation just feltâ€| right. It felt as if everything was supposed to be this way, a father and a son talking without any yelling, hitting, or anything of the sort. It felt good.

\* \* \*

><p>I<em><strong>'M SORRY I DON'T KNOW WHY THIS TOOK SO LONG. I REALLY DON'T. But you guys are amazing and I will try to update faster because this is beginning the part of the story I'm really looking forward to. :D Also, notice the part where Hiccup got a bad feelingâ€| yes, take notice of thatâ€| and hold onto that until the next chapterâ€| :) <strong>\_

## 14. Chapter 14

Sorry about the really short chapter but I couldn't make it any longer. Remember that bad feeling Hiccup had?

\* \* \*

><p>The car went over a bump in the road, waking me with a jolt. I frantically looked around me, trying to remember where I was and what was happening. I remembered I was on a trip with my father. I also vaguely remembered talking to himâ€| about Astrid. I glanced over to him, hoping it to be true, but when I realized he was looking in the

mirror and eyeing Toothless with an intense hatred I knew it had only been a dream. I must have fallen asleep right after we left Berk. But it had felt so good! It had felt like it was supposed to be true, but I knew it wasn't. I shifted in my seat, catching my father's attention, and ran a hand through my messy hair.<p>

"Where are we?" I asked.

"About an hour from Berk," Dad answered in monotone, clearly annoyed with my question. Sitting up straight, he resumed his attention on glaring at Toothless.

\_I wish my dream was real\_, I thought to myself. Glancing back at a frightened Toothless, I realized this is probably his first time in a car. I turned around to face him.

"Hey, Bud, it's okay. Just relax and we'll be there in no time," I whispered, stroking his head. He licked my hand then curled up in the seat, keeping his gaze fixed on me. I halfheartedly smiled then turned back around, taking nervous glances at my father every now and then. I kept waiting for him to ask about Astrid like he did in my dream, but it never happened. We continued sitting in silence for about another hour when it began to get dark. Just as my eyelids were fluttering closed once again I felt my phone buzz from my back pocket. I groggily pulled it out and turned the brightness all the way down so my eyes could adjust more easily.

\_1 New Message from Astrid Hofferson: hows the trip going?\_

\_its been really quietâ€| we've barely spoken. though, i did have a dream where we talked like a normal father and son wouldâ€| \_

\_it'll happen, you know. this trip is for you two to reconcile \_

\_I seriously doubt that will happen\_

\_it will\_

\_it won't \_

\_it will\_

\_I'm very extra sure that it won't \_

\_it will\_

\_whatever\_

\_useless\_

\_what?\_

\_sorry Snotlout stole my phone\_

\_oh ok\_

I dropped my phone into my lap face up but returned my attention to the road. The sun had finally set completely and the only light was from the car. There were no streetlights, which I found strange. We usually take the interstate all the way there, only getting onto the

backroads at the end. But here we were alone, the occasional car passing on the opposite side of the road. We couldn't possibly be there yet.

"Dad, why aren't we on the interstate?" I asked quietly.

"Traffic was horrible so I thought we should go another way," He answered, nervously looking from the map in his lap to the road.

"You do know where we are, right?" As soon as the words left my mouth I regretted them. My father immediately shot me a glare that could kill.

"Of course I do," He growled, though I could hear a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

"Sorry, don't know what I was thinking," I rubbed the back of my neck and hung my head slightly, noticing a faint light from my phone.

\_1 New Message from Snotlout Jorgensen \_

My eyes widened with surprise. I knew Snotlout had my phone number, and I his, but he made himself very clear when he stated the only time he would use it was for the school project we were assigned earlier in the year. I hesitantly opened the message, preparing myself for the worst.

\_hey useless I've noticed you're getting pretty friendly with Astrid\_

\_uh, I guess soâ€¦ why?\_

\_she's mine!\_

\_she really hates you, don't you know that?\_

\_it doesn't matter\_

\_yes it does. she doesn't like you and she never will\_

\_why do you care? \_

\_oh well i justâ€¦ i meanâ€¦ i wouldn't want her to end up with someone like you\_

\_just stay away from her\_

I let out an irritated breath and was about to put my phone back with Toothless, but I received another message.

1 New Message from Astrid Hofferson: i need to ask you a question

um sure, go ahead

Toothless began to growl behind me, bringing me back to my senses. I placed my phone next to me, feeling it slide under my leg as I turned around to Toothless.

"Can you shut that beast up?" Dad asked. I chose to ignore

him.

"Toothless, Bud, what's the matter?" I asked. Toothless growled louder and more ferociously.

"I told you to shut it up!" Dad nearly yelled. I groaned and unbuckled my seatbelt, wanting to climb into the back of the car to calm Toothless down. Toothless's growling intensified, causing Dad to turn around and yell at him to be quiet, but not very nicely.

"Dad that isn't helping," I interrupted over his yelling as I stood up to calm Toothless. Toothless jumped up and pushed me back into my seat while he started barking.

"Toothless, what-" I saw heard the honking of our car's horn so I turned to the window, seeing a blinding car light. I heard the honk of what sounded like a eighteen wheeler truck, then more yelling and barking. Dad slammed on the brakes of the car as I heard an earsplitting crashing sound. I shot forward just as the airbags started to come out. My head hit the side of the car with tremendous force as I heard glass breaking all around me, I felt searing pain throughout my body, I heard too many noises around me to make any of them out, then my world faded to black.

## 15. Chapter 15

\_\*\*Hey everyone! Sorry for the wait, especially after that huge cliffhanger, but here's the next chapter! :D Just prepare yourselves. :)\*\*\_

\_\*\*And to the guest who left the recent (not too nice) review: That doesn't make me want to update faster, try asking nicely next time.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Read, review, and enjoy chapter 25 of A Penny For Your Thoughts!\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>I slowly awoke, feeling groggy, and once my vision focused I noticed I was in a white room. The walls, from what I could see, were empty. Light was shining into the room from somewhere to my right. I tried to turn my head to look, but nothing happened. I wouldn't budge. I tried to move my eyes, but again to no avail. I could see the room and hear a faint beeping noise, but I couldn't move. I racked my brain to think of what could possibly have happened, but I couldn't remember anything, nothing at all. Nothingâ€¦ I couldn't even remember who I was.<p>

A door suddenly opened from somewhere to my left then a woman walked and a girl into my view. The woman had a white uniform on with a badge that said "Nurse." The girl looked faintly familiar; she had shining blonde hair tied in a messy braid and slung over her shoulder and brilliant blue eyes that seemed to pierce into my soul. The girl looked distraught as she looked over me and she immediately ran to my side.

"Is he going to be okay?" The girl asked. The nurse's face softened with what looked like pity and compassion.

"He's in a coma, there's no telling when or if he'll wake up. It could be a few hours, the shortest one recorded was about 24 hours. It's been about two days since the accident. But it also could be years." The nurse answered. Coma? A tear ran down the girl's face and her hand wandered to mine. The door opened again and a huge man came into my field of vision. He had bright red hair and a huge beard. His arm was in a sling and his head was bandaged. He looked at me with empty eyes. The girl looked at him and I could see the anger flood onto her face.

"This is your fault!" She yelled. The man looked taken aback and the nurse was frozen in her tracks. At this point I was beyond confused. Who were these people? And what happened that he is getting blamed for?

"If you hadn't been so stupid this would never have happened! If you had just been looking this never would have happened!" Tears were streaming down her face as she turned to look at me again.

"He might never wake up. I might never get to hear his voice again. You never know how much you love someone until they're gone." The girl sat down in a chair next to me and she let her head softly fall onto my chest. The man's face softened and I could see how miserable he must have been.

"Isn't there anything you can do?" He asked the nurse. She folded her hands in front of herself and slowly shook her head.

"I'm sorry. All you can do now is wait. Take all the time you need with him, I'll be back in a few hours. Call out if you need anything or something happens." The nurse left the room. After a long while of silence, the man walked over to the girl. He put his hand on her shoulder but she immediately pushed it off, sitting up straight.

"Don't touch me," She snapped, not taking her eyes off me. He sighed and pulled his hand back.

"You should get home, you have school." He ordered, but in a nice way. She shook her head.

"I'm not leaving him." The man sighed with annoyance.

"You have responsibilities-"

"And you don't? Since when have you cared for responsibilities?! When I stayed and talked to you that night, I thought you could change, I thought you would change. You had your chance but you blew it. You did this to your own son!" She yelled. Son? Was this man supposed to be my father? What was going on?

"I'm sorry," He choked out, tears forming in his eyes. She shook her head once again.

"No, it's too late for that. You had your chance. Hiccup shouldn't have to deal with you when he wakes up." Hiccup? It must be a name! Were they talking about me? My mind was going a thousand different directions trying to figure out what was going on. My mind was racing, thoughts and possibilities overtaking my brain. I was

becoming irritated that I couldn't remember, irritated that I couldn't move. The beeping noises suddenly increased at an alarming rate. The girl and the man looked scared.

"What's happening?" She asked.

"His heart rate is increasing. Call the nurse!" The man commanded. The girl ran out of my vision but I couldn't hear what else was happening. All I could hear was my heart pounding in my skull, threatening to break it open. I became faintly aware of searing pain throughout my body and the edges of my vision began to fade to black. Blurred images began fleeting around me.

"It's okay, Hiccup, just calm down, calm down!" Someone was repetitively whispering in my ear. I couldn't calm down though. The black around my vision crept closer to the middle. I could faintly make out a voices, only some words.

"What's happening?" A voice said. My head was spinning, I couldn't focus.

"It's ok! happens! help him! wake! sooner!" I could only make out every few words of what the second voice said before my blurred vision was overtaken by black and I went unconscious.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>I don't really know how comas work, but let's pretend this happens. :) Sorry about the short chapter, the next one will be better I promise.<em>\*\*

## 16. Chapter 16

\*\*\_I AM SO SORRY YOU GUYS DONT UNDERSTAND HOW SORRY I AM FOR THE WAIT! But, I do have a life outside of fanfiction, sadly, I wish I didn't, but I do. I'm going through some hard times right now. I'm really sorry. I want to update every day but I don't have the time and I have a lot of things going on right now that kinda kill my joy and I don't feel like writing. And writers block on top of all that isn't really a good combination. I'm very sorry. I'll try to do better for you amazing readers.\_\*\*

\*\*\_Also, I'll say again, I'm not really educated with comas and hospital procedures so we're just going to pretend. Ok? Thanks :)\_\*\*

\*\*\_Read, review, and enjoy chapter 16 of A Penny For Your Thoughts!\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I slowly became consciously aware of my surroundings. My eyes were closed, I decided as I could see nothing but darkness. I heard voices, and the more I tried to listen the more I could make out.<p>

"Sir! been meaning to ask you something. I was hoping you'd bring it up but I know you're not really fond of him! where's Toothless?" A girl's voice asked. the voice sounded familiar, it must be the girl

from earlier. But, Toothless? Was she talking about a thing or a person? What kind of name is Toothless? I noticed someone shifting positions near the end of the bed I was on.

"After the crash, he pulled Hiccup out of the car while I called the ambulance. He wouldn't let them get to Hiccup. I finally was able to restrain him while the workers loaded Hiccup into the ambulance. Toothless ran after it and hasn't been seen since."

Toothlessâ€¦ the word floated through my head over and over and every time I felt as though it meant something to me, whatever it was. I needed to find out. I tried to open my eyelids, but they felt heavy, as though they had been closed for eternity. I finally got them open and a blinding ray of light shone in through the window. I squeezed my eyes shut and turned my head the other way.

"Sir, he moved!" The girl cried out. The sudden outburst caused me to jump, my eyes jolting open and my whole body flinching. I noticed I couldn't feel my lower left leg. Suddenly pain flared through my body in a great surge, going through once then calming down and centering around my leg, chest, and head. I propped myself up in my elbows and looked around, seeing the girl and the man gazing at me hopefully.

"Hiccup?" The man asked. He had tears in his eyes, so did the girl, and he stepped closer to me. The girl glared at him but he ignored her, his eyes locked on me.

"Hiccup can you hear us?" The girl asked. My eyes flicked between the two, my mind racing to figure out who they were and who they were talking about.

"Wh-who's Hiccup? And who are you?" I asked slowly. Their eyes opened wider than I thought they could, obviously surprised by my question. A tear fell down the girl's cheek. The man stayed completely still while staring at me, all emotion wiped off his face.

"I'm Astrid, don't you remember?" The girl, Astrid, asked. I hesitated then slowly shook my head.

"Should I know you?" I asked the two. The girl let out an exasperated breath, obviously very upset by my not knowing her. She looked away for a moment then wiped her eyes and turned back to me, her eyes turning slightly red.

"You really don't remember?" I shook my head again. She hesitated, simply looking into my eyes, before speaking again.

"What do you remember?" Astrid asked. I pushed myself up into a sitting position, staring down at the white sheets of the bed.

"Iâ€¦ I don't remember anythingâ€¦ What happened? Where am I?" I looked around at the white room nervously, trying my hardest to remember anything at all.

"You and Stoik," Astrid gestured to the man, "were taking a trip, the same one you take every year." I looked back to him. Astrid must have seen that I was very confused.

"He's your dad," She added. Stoik opened his mouth to speak but was



interrupted by the nurse.

"You're awake!" She exclaimed, surprised.

"I'm going to need you two to leave while I check on him." She waved at Astrid and Stoik.

"Ma'am, he doesn't remember anything," Astrid explained.

"It's common for patients not to remember what happened when they first wake up-"

"No, he doesn't remember anything, anything at all. He doesn't know who he is or who we are" Astrid clarified. The nurse stopped what she was doing.

"Oh. He did sustain a fairly severe head injury, that must have caused the memory loss," She explained slowly.

"Will his memory come back?" Astrid asked hopefully. The nurse hesitated.

"I don't know, there rare too many factors that would come into play. Familiar surroundings usually spike the memory but it is possible that the effects will be permanent. With the injury he sustained it will most likely not come back I'm sorry, but you need to leave." She ordered. Astrid, tears silently streaming down her cheek, and Stoik reluctantly left. My mind was racing with everything that had just happened, I thought my head was going to explode, honestly. When the door closed the nurse started the checkup.

"How are you feeling, hun?" She asked nicely while . I had been so overwhelmed with what Astrid was telling me I barely noticed the physical pain

"Um everything hurts. And I can't feel my lower left leg" I answered. The nurse nodded slowly, her eyes traveling to my leg.

"I-Is something wrong?" I asked.

"Do you know why you're here?" She asked. I shook my head.

"I don't remember anything."

"You were traveling with your father and you got in a car crash, a very violent one. You sustained several injuries, especially on your left leg. They damage was unrepairable and we had no choice but to amputate." She explained. My jaw dropped to the ground and my eyes were a mile wide.

"That explains why I can't feel it" I said after a while. She nodded.

"We're going to keep you here for some time while you heal" She kept talking while doing what she explained as mandatory procedures but I wasn't really paying attention. My mind was reeling on everything that happened I had no idea what to think. I know I don't remember anything, but what if I never remember?

## 17. Author's Note

Hello faithful readers! I want to formally apologize for not updating this story in... how long has it been? I'm not exactly sure but I do know it has been too long. I was going through a lot of crap in real life and I didn't have the energy to write much. I am truly very sorry. I really appreciate all of you still leaving comments and looking at my story while I was gone. It really means a lot that you all care so much.

I'm here now to make it up to you. I'm currently re-writing A Penny For Your Thoughts! I recently watched HTTYD and felt the love for the fandom re-ignite inside of me so I went to look at the story. After reading only a little bit of it, I was actually embarrassed that I had posted it online. But, I love writing and and I assume you all love it so I'm going to re-write it! YAY!

So down to the details: I'm going to keep this version up and post the new version as it's own story. It will have the same title and summary, except it will say re-written in the summary and this was will say old version. I'm going to keep the first chapter the same because I really like how it was done. I'll post the first chapter very soon but I'm nor going to post any more until I get extra chapters done so I can have regular update times (as in around the same time on the same day every week) with an occasional extra chapter thrown in randomly if I get one done early enough. I'm really not sure when I'll have time to write so over the next few weeks I'll decide when updates will be.

I'm going to completely re-write each chapter with more varying sentence structures, more accurate characters, and correct grammar. I'm also going to change a few plot points to make the story more believable. All but the first chapter are going to be written in third person. I know it's weird but I wanted to keep the same introduction so that's how it has to be. Sorry :) You will probably see many similarities to this version and the old one, at least in the first few chapters, before I figure out what exactly I want to change. The changes will probably just happen as I come to them.

If you all have any suggestions on plot points or questions or ANYTHING AT ALL, PLEASE feel free to comment. I'll try my best to reply in good time. I hope you all have a good day, a great week, and an amazing life! Wish me good luck!

Until next time, dragonlover17.

## 18. Author's Note 2

Alright everybody! The first chapter of \_A Penny For Your Thoughts (rewritten)\_ is up (that is the official title)! Please go read it maybe follow or leave a comment or two. Thank you all so much for supporting this story and sticking with it through the re-write. I hope you all do, at least. Please enjoy!

P.S. The story has hit 70K views! Thank you all a ton for your continued support!

End  
file.